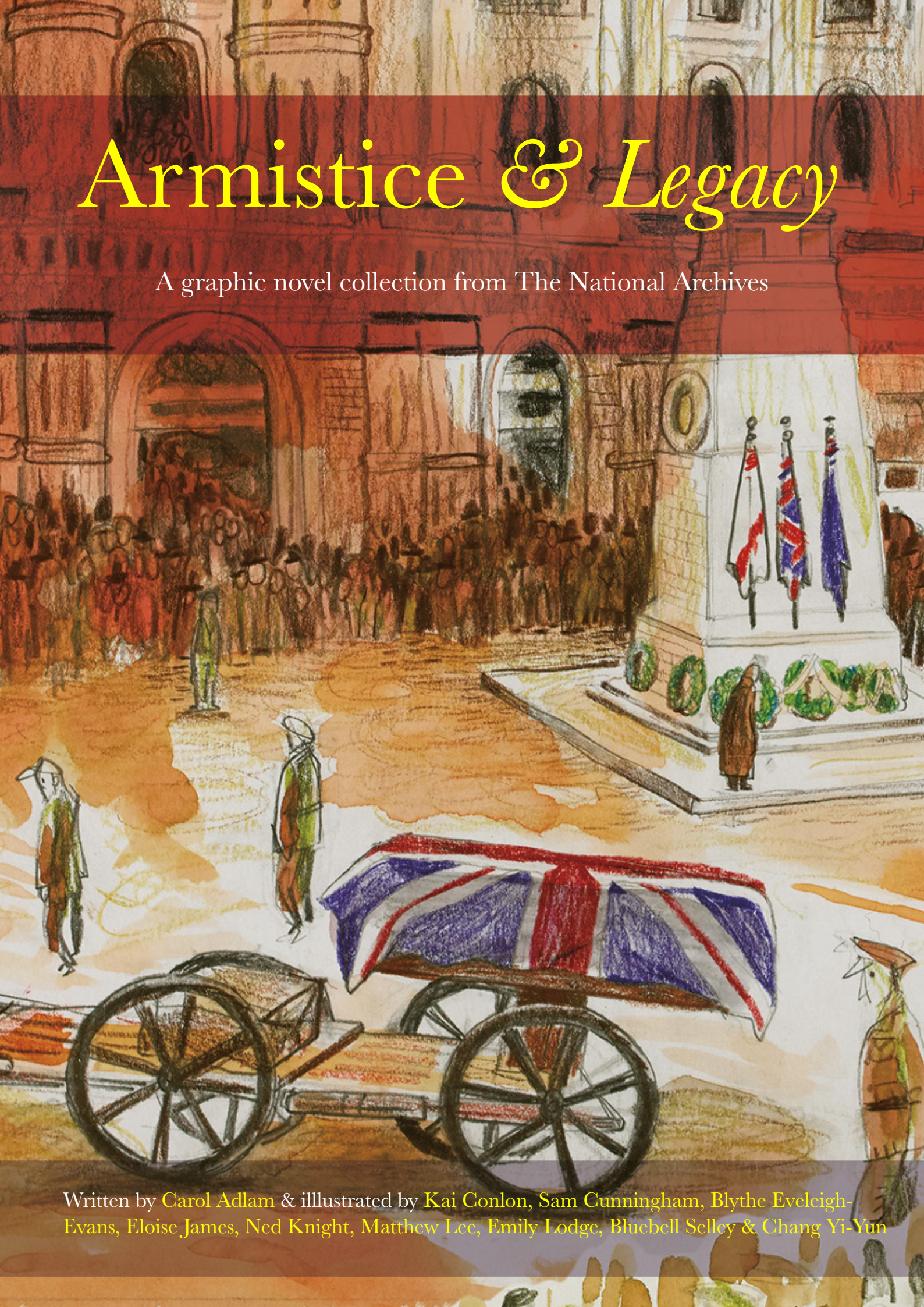


Armistice & Legacy

A graphic novel collection from The National Archives



Written by Carol Adlam & illustrated by Kai Conlon, Sam Cunningham, Blythe Eveleigh-Evans, Eloise James, Ned Knight, Matthew Lee, Emily Lodge, Bluebell Selley & Chang Yi-Yun

ARMISTICE & *LEGACY*

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrated by
Kai Conlon, Sam Cunningham, Blythe
Eveleigh-Evans, Eloise James, Ned Knight,
Matthew Lee, Emily Lodge, Bluebell Selley
& Chang Yi-Yun

Produced by
Ela Kaczmarska

Contents

Text © Carol Adlam 2018.

Illustrations © the artists and The National Archives 2018.

Chapter break illustrations for *The Artist*, *The Pigeoneer*, *The Piper*, and *The Doctor* are by Sam Cunningham.

Chapter break illustrations for *The Cavalryman*, *The Mapmaker*, *The Captain*, *The Officer*, and *The Unknown Warrior* are by Matthew Lee.

Cover illustration is by Chang-Yi Yu (‘Mimi’).

Design and layout by Carol Adlam (www.caroladlam.co.uk)

Preface by *Ela Kaczmarska*

The ARTIST
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Emily Lodge

The CAVALRYMAN
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Ned Knight

The PIGEONEER
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Sam Cunningham

The MAPMAKER
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Bluebell Selley

The PIPER
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Eloise James

The CAPTAIN
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Kai Conlon

The DOCTOR
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Blythe Eveleigh-Evans

The OFFICER
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Matthew Lee

The UNKNOWN WARRIOR
Text by Carol Adlam; Illustrated by Chang-Yi Yun

Notes on the Stories by *Carol Adlam*

Preface

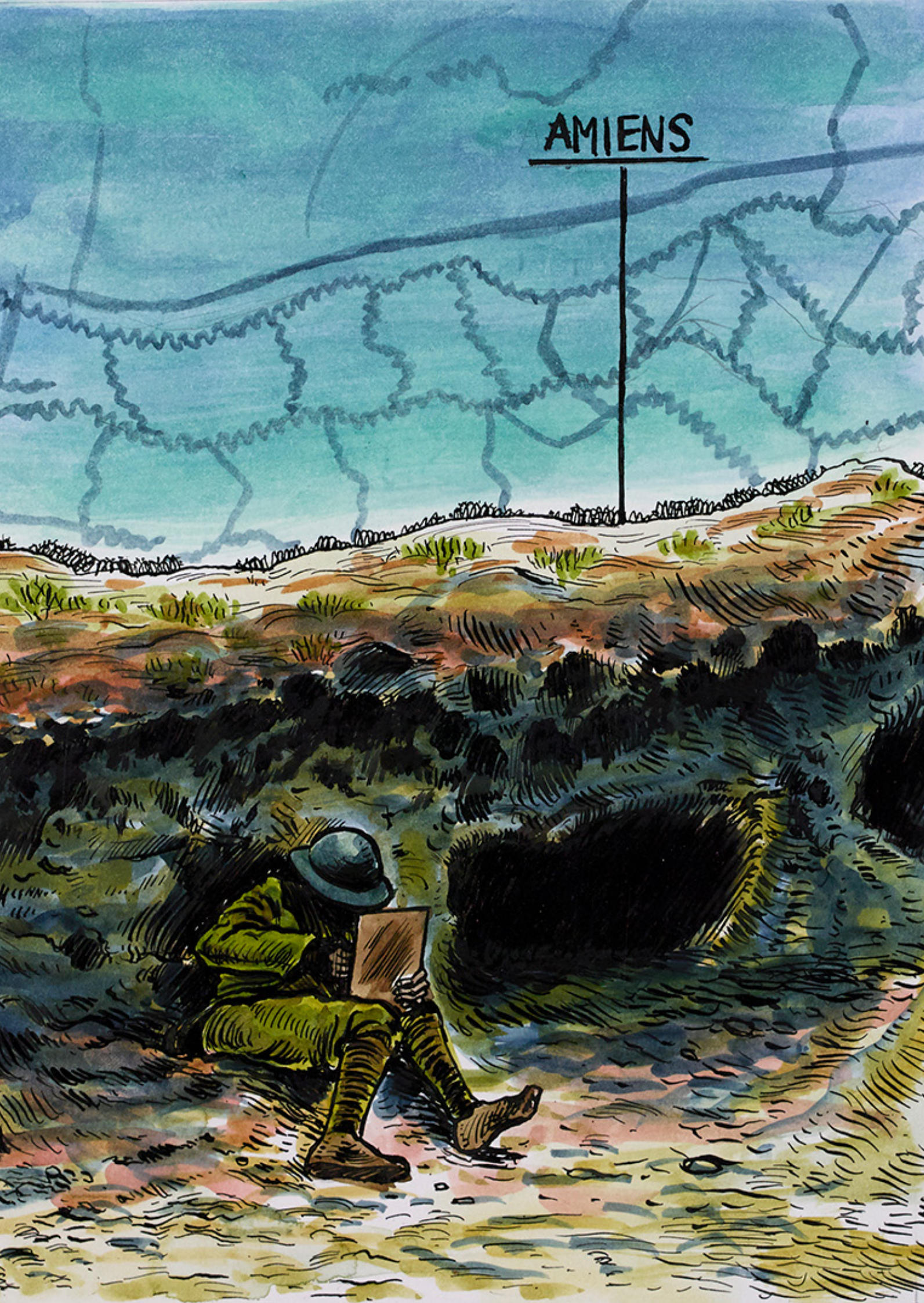
In this year which marks the centenary of end of the First World War, nine school (GCSE and A-Level) and university students took part in a graphic novel workshop at The National Archives, led by author-illustrator Carol Adlam. Drawing on the extensive research carried out by staff of The National Archives over the last four years into the First World War, Adlam used a wide variety of original records—including war diaries, attestation files, pension records, photographs and maps—to create the nine interlinked narratives that comprise the script for the graphic novel ‘Armistice & Legacy’. The striking individual histories that emerged were then illustrated by the nine students in the course of a week-long illustration workshop led by Adlam. From the voyage of Indian Cavalrymen sailing from Bombay to Marseilles, to the machinations of the Pigeon Service, students interpreted these original stories in their own unique style.

The National Archives’ collection of First World War documentation is vast, complex and often makes for uneasy reading. The graphic novel is increasingly used as a way of telling complex and difficult histories in new and accessible ways, reaching out to a wide range of readers. ‘Armistice & Legacy’ tells of these diverse stories of the First World War in a truly original manner. The students were a committed and gifted group of young people who had the opportunity to engage with our collections in an innovative and positive way. It was exciting to see how they rose to the challenge of creating beautiful and exciting artwork to illustrate each story.

I would like to thank the Education Department at The National Archives, particularly the many members of staff who contributed to the research and final production of the novel. I am indebted to George Hay, Principal Record Specialist, who gave the students invaluable insight into the records, as well as to the Friends of The National Archives for funding this project and for recognising its value and outcome.

Ela Kaczmarska

The National Archives
November 2018

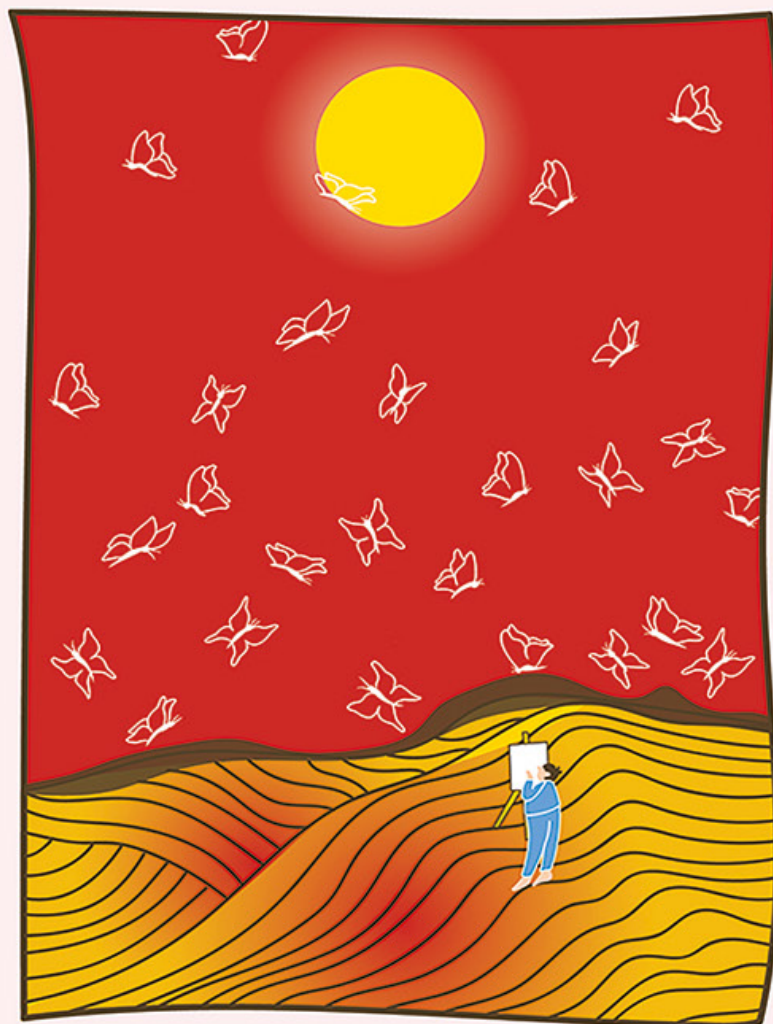


The Artist

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Emily Lodge

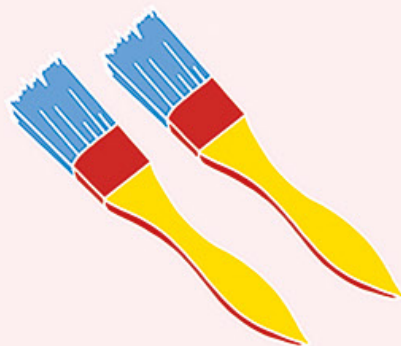
August, 1917. The renowned artist William Orpen of the Artists' Rifles has been sent to the Somme as an official war artist.



Oh!

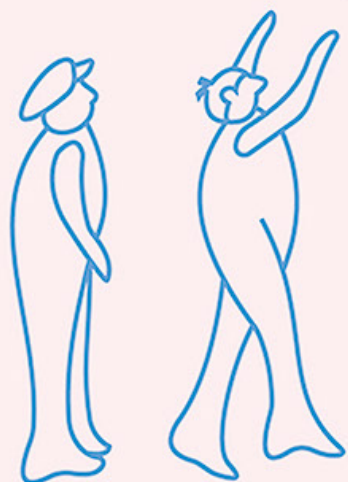
The General wants to see you now. Sir.

These butterflies - they're everywhere!



The last time I was here it was mud. Nothing but water, shell-holes, and mud. But now.. It's like it's all been baked pure white.

Look, man! White daises. Red poppies. As far as the eye can see! It's like an enchanted land.



Yes, but instead of faïences -



Yes. An abomination beyond words. But see how the clothes, the guns have all been baked by the sun into one wonderful combination of colour - white, pale grey and pale gold.

I can't see it, sir. Not since my eye.

Ah.

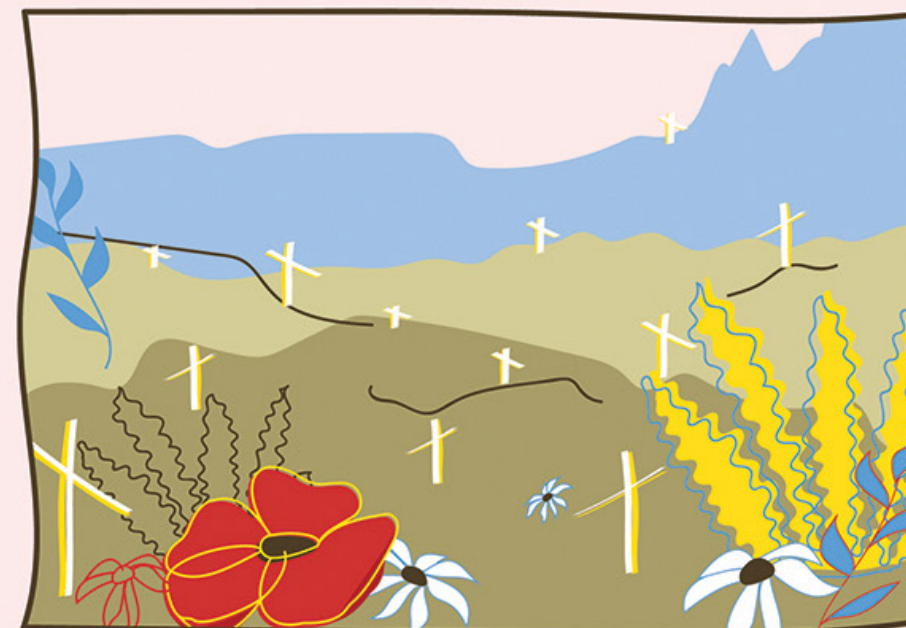
I used to draw, sir, before.

You?

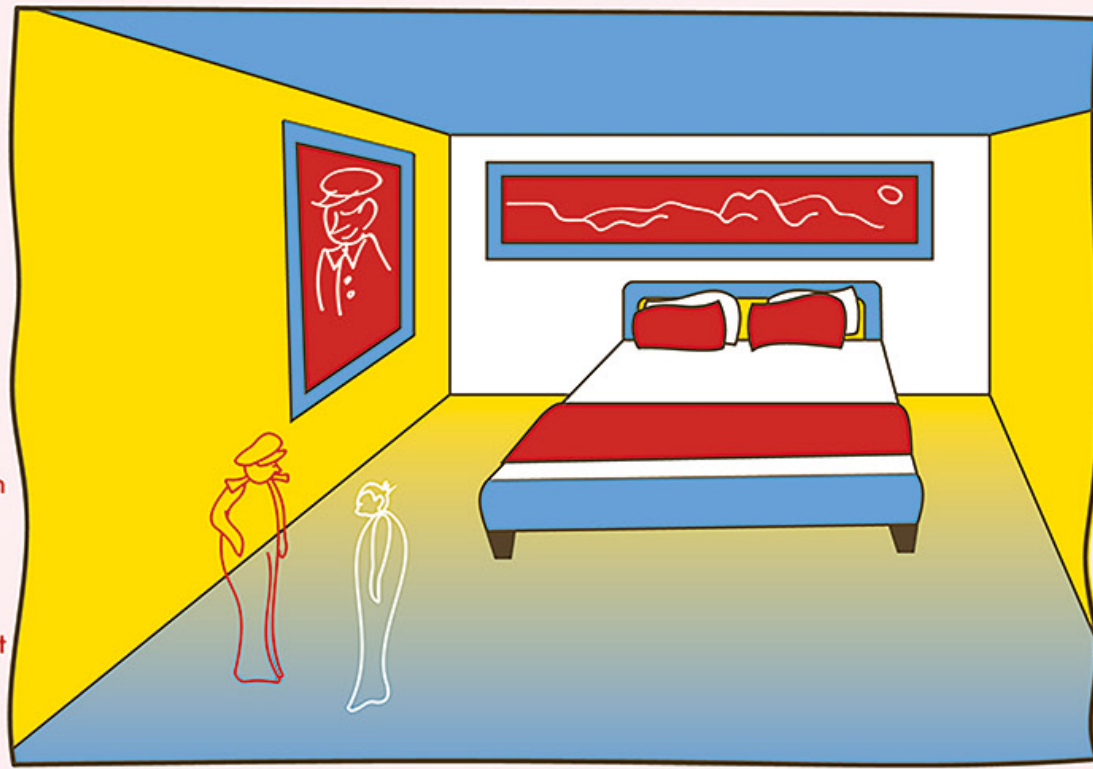
Of course we weren't allowed in case our drawings fell into enemy hands.

But the lads were always scribbling something in the margin - a caricature of the Hun, or a quick sketch of the lads in the trench.

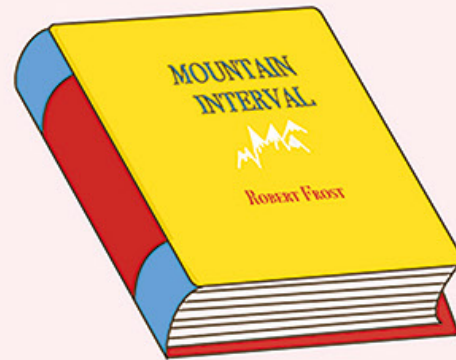
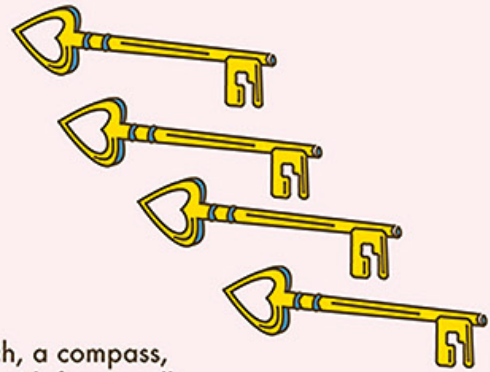
I'd always put something in for the kids.



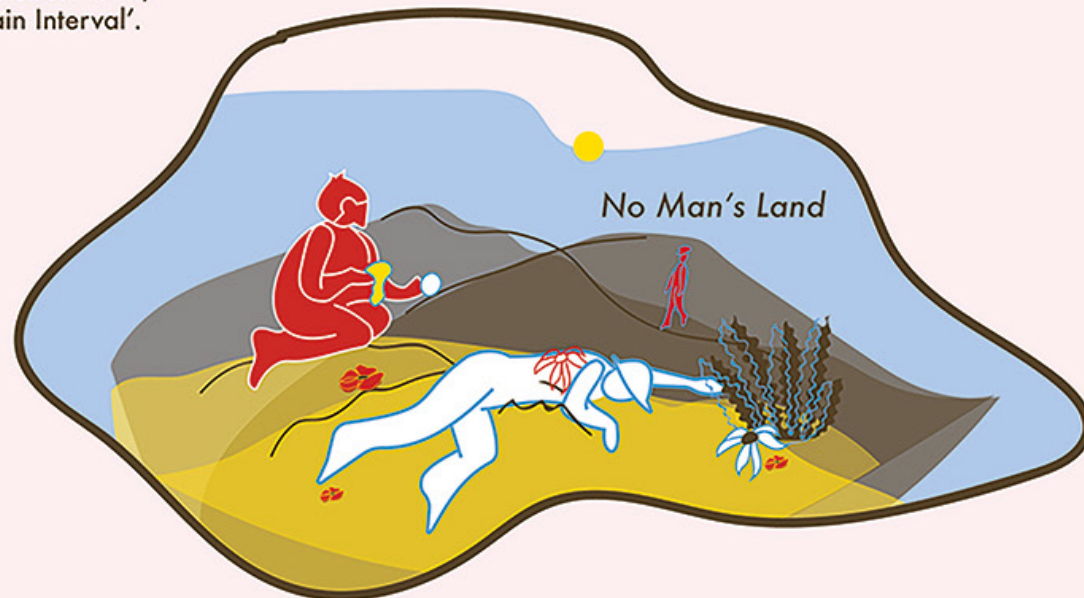
I suppose you're allowed to paint what you like. Being a gent and all.



I don't know why I've been given all the artists to look after.
Twaddle, if you ask me.
But since you're here you can get out there and paint the men - never mind me.

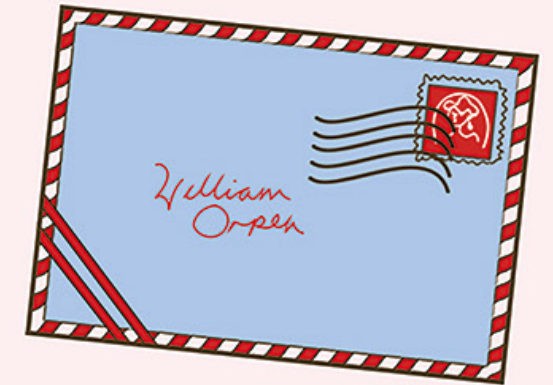


His watch, a compass, a purse with four small keys, and a book of poetry. Robert Frost, 'Mountain Interval'.



That's it. All that remains.

He lies a few yards in front of the trench. We are quite alone. He makes me feel awed, and small, and ashamed.



Yes.

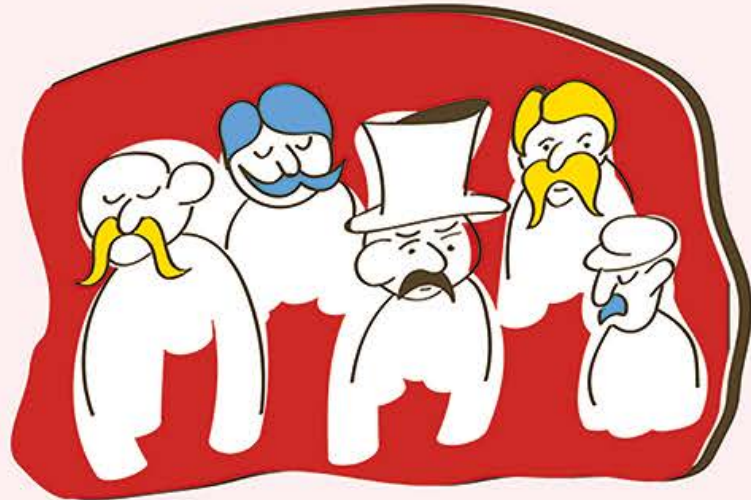
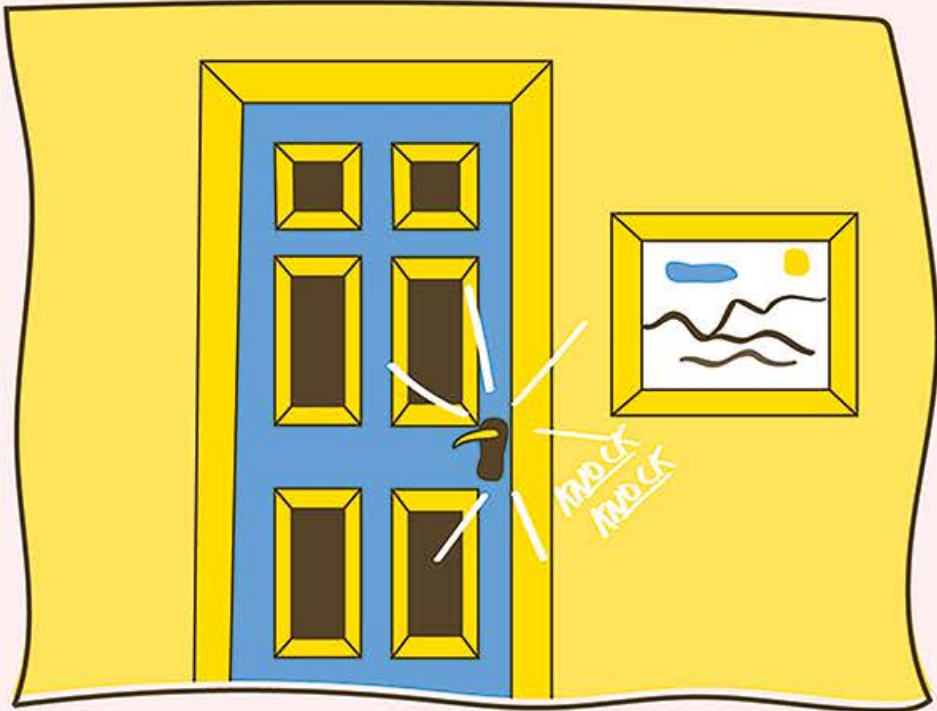
There's a message from General Haig, sir.

I have no right to be so near.



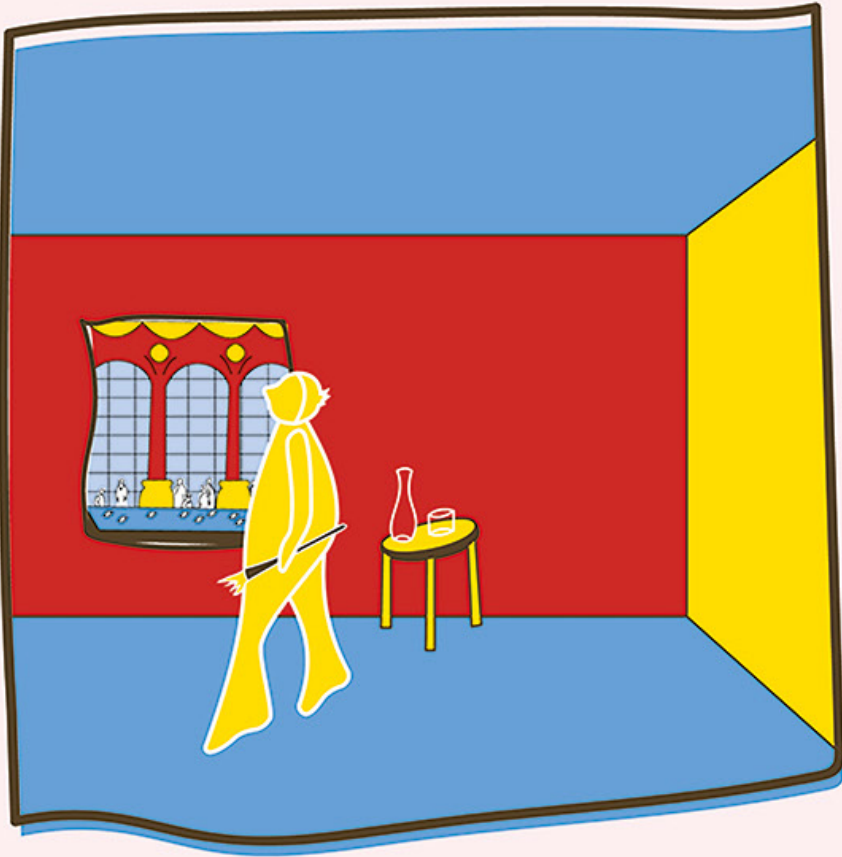
They want you to paint the Peace Treaty, sir, at Versailles.

The gentlemen from the Imperial War Museum, sir.



Excellent, excellent!
You've really captured the grandeur
of our great generals. Their wisdom.

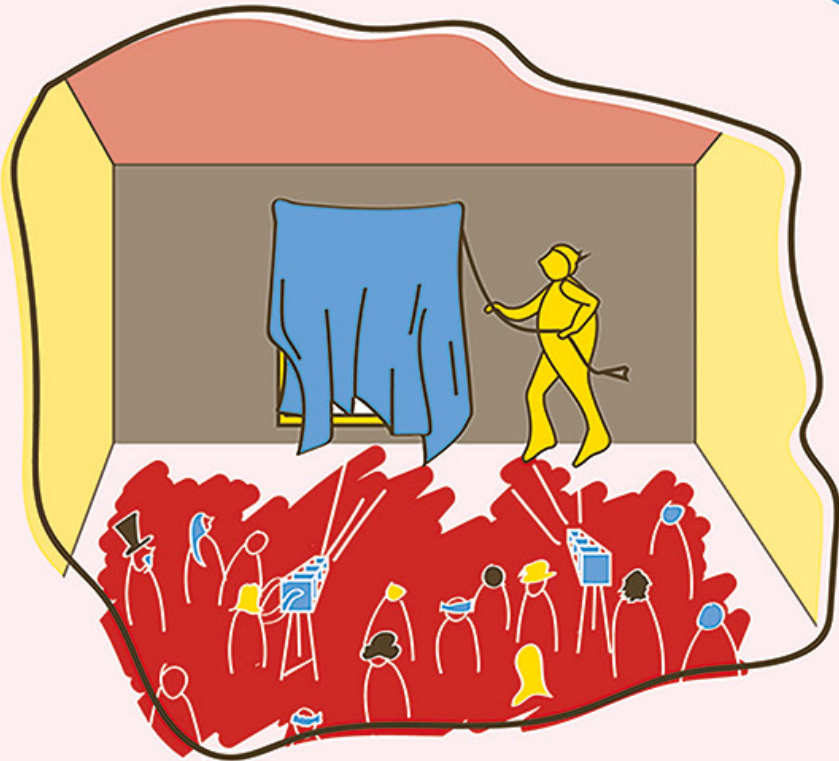
Wisdom?



We are stripped bare...



The grand unveiling of Orpen's painting.



And it is with great pleasure that I unveil
the masterpiece by William Orpen.
To The Unknown British Soldier in France!

Then this place was Hell.

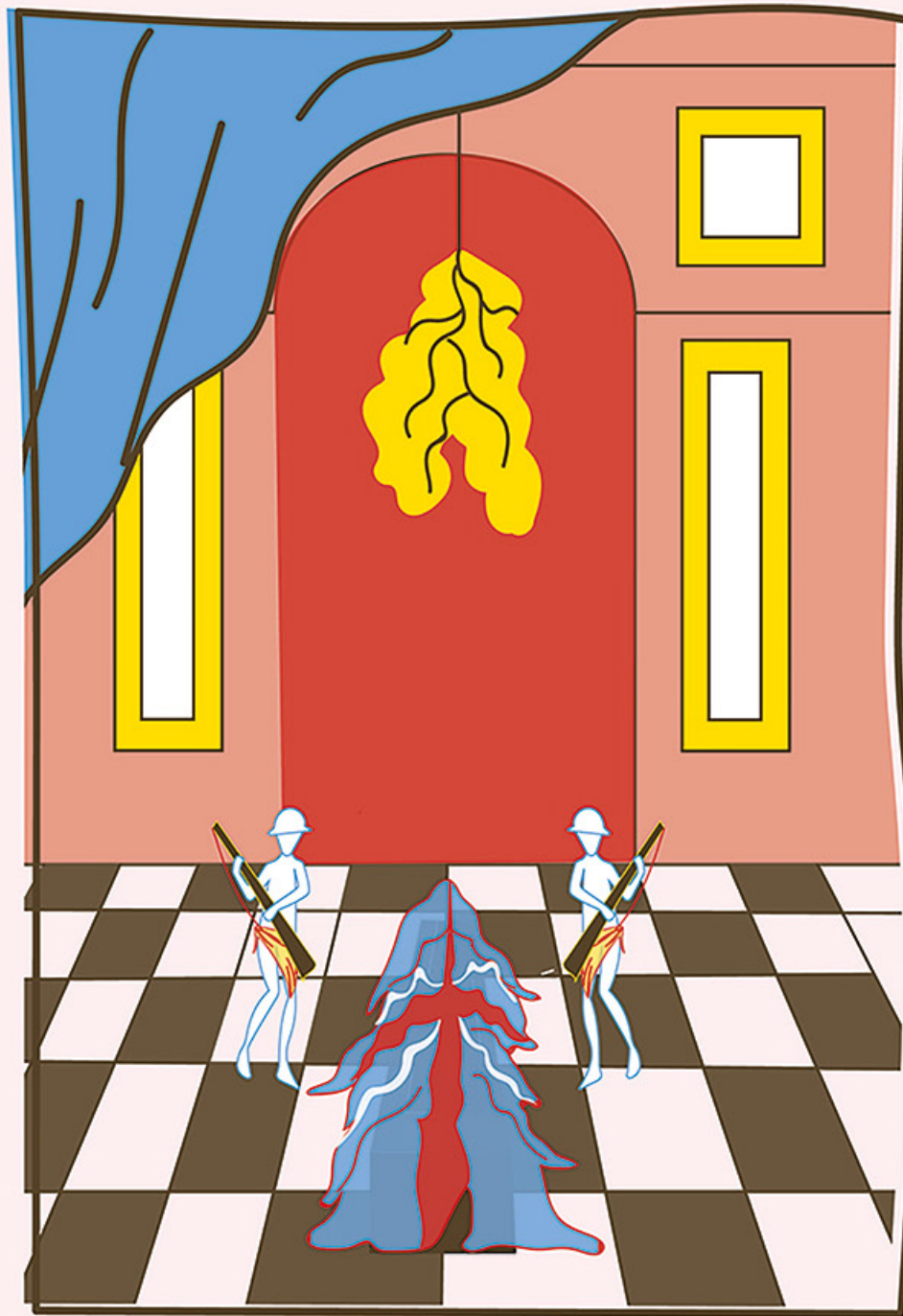
What? What have you done?

He and his garments are
bleached pale and clean.

You've painted out
the generals!

A daffodil is by his head,
and his golden curly hair is
moving in the slight breeze-

Discretion! Dishonour!
This is a bad joke..



He, the man who died in 'No
Mans Land', doing some great
act of bravery for his comrades
and country Here He lies Holy
and Pure. His face upward.



BAZENTIN-LE-PETIT

The Cavalryman

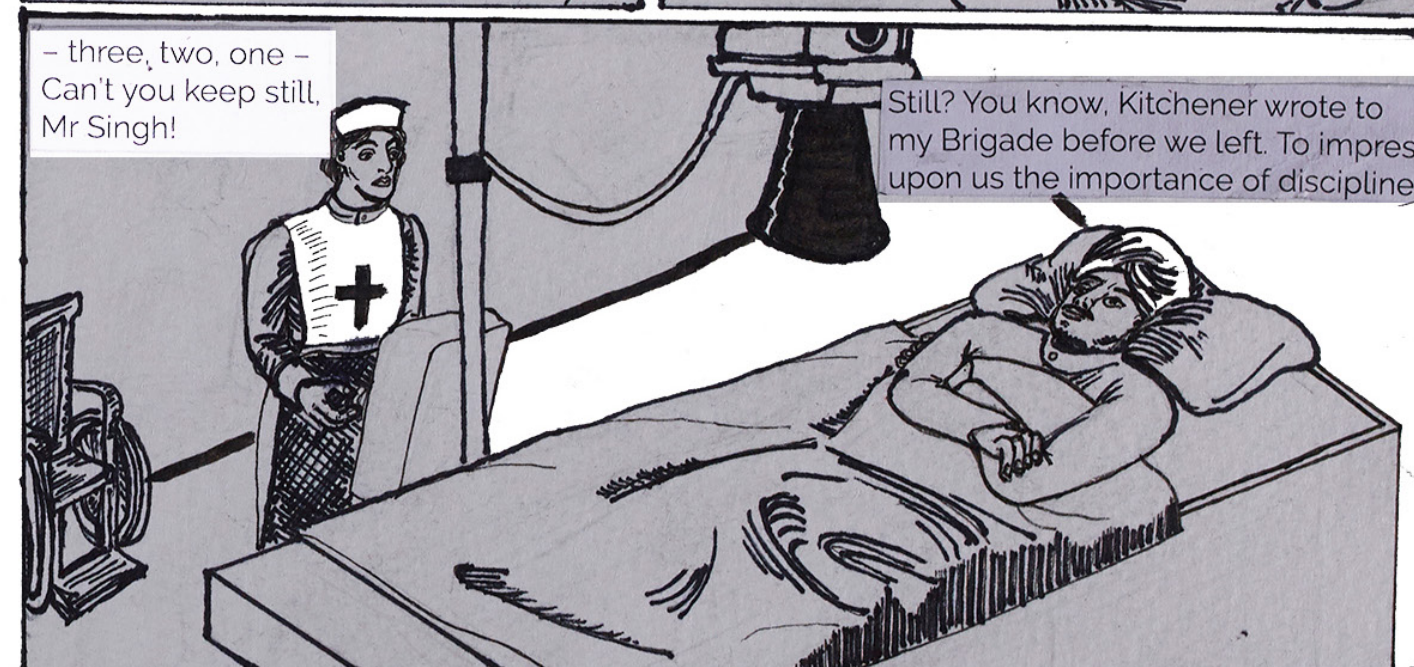
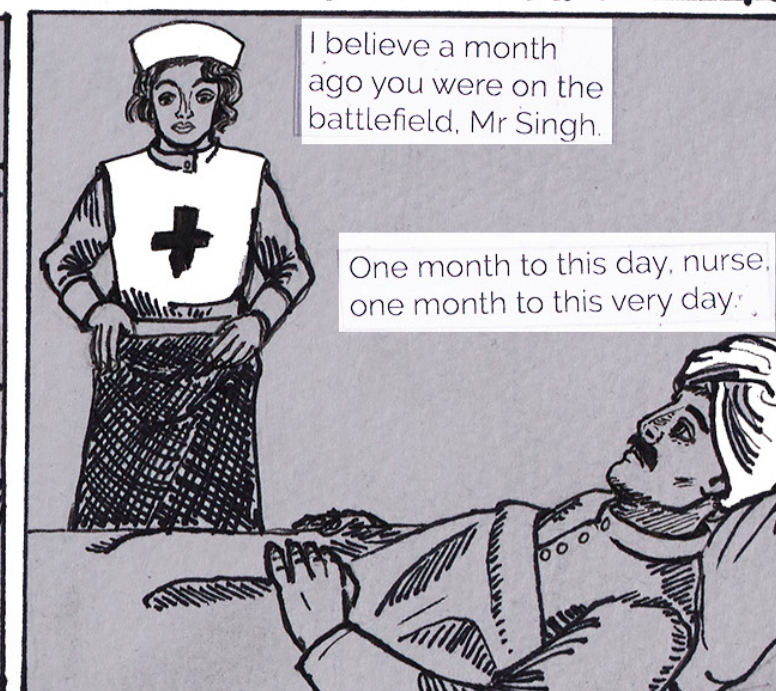
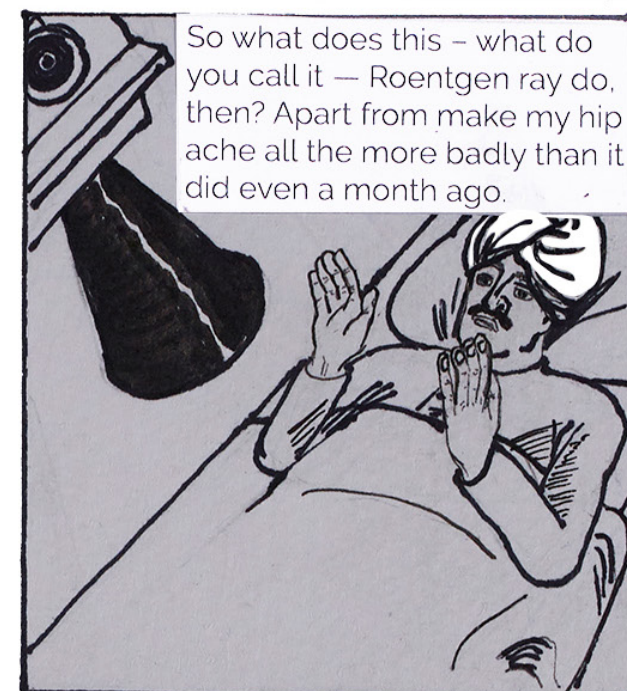
Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
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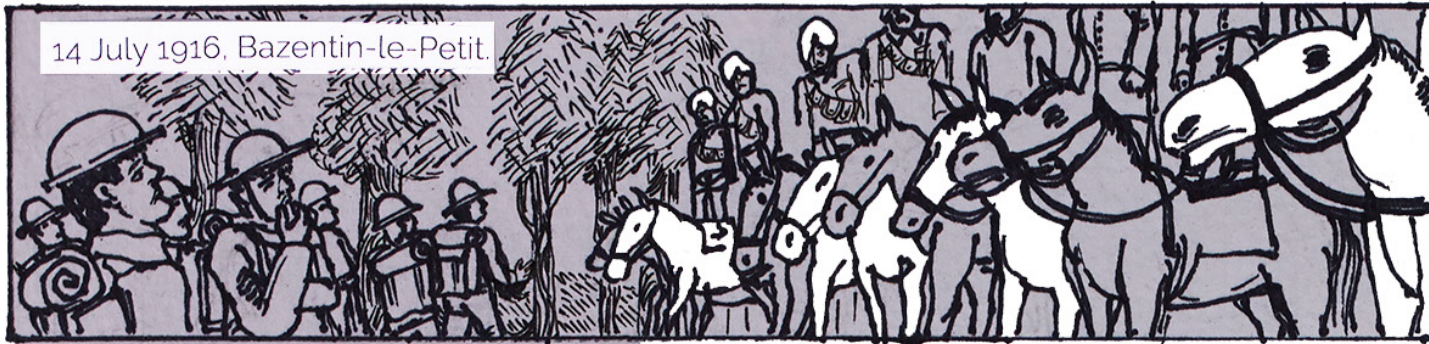
Brighton Pavilion, 14 August 1916. A military hospital for Indian soldiers

Are we done yet?

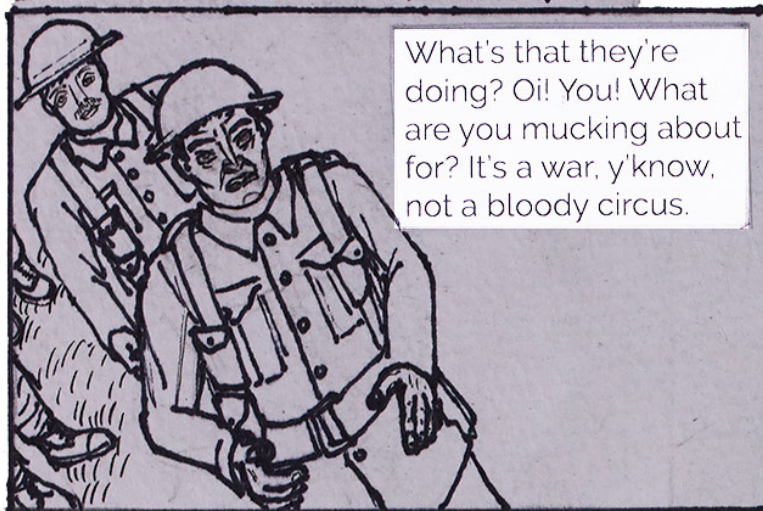
Just wait until I've put this lead apron on, and –



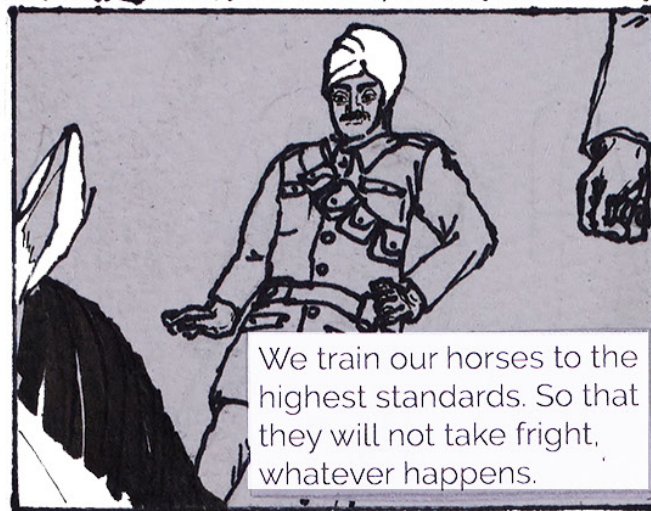
14 July 1916, Bazentin-le-Petit.



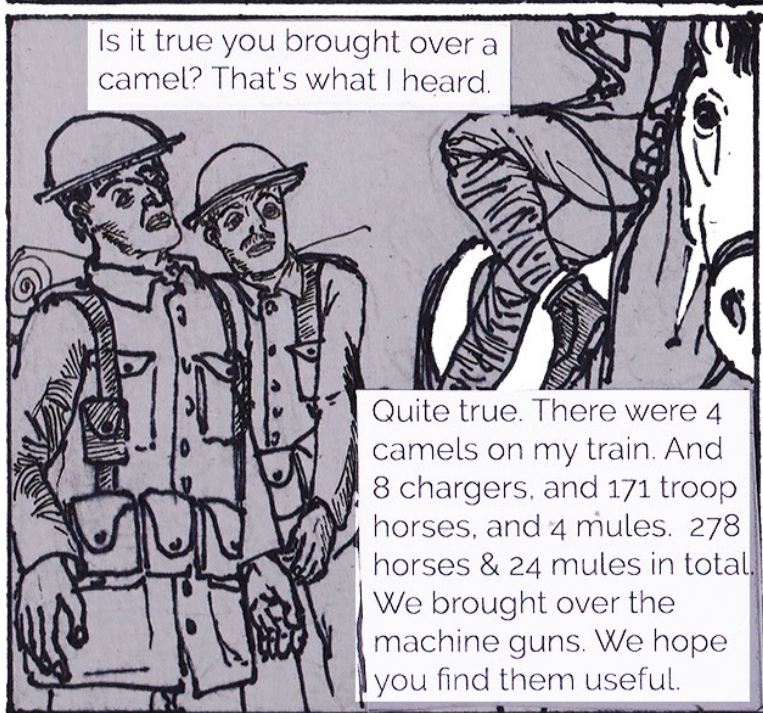
What's that they're doing? Oi! You! What are you mucking about for? It's a war, y'know, not a bloody circus.



We train our horses to the highest standards. So that they will not take fright, whatever happens.

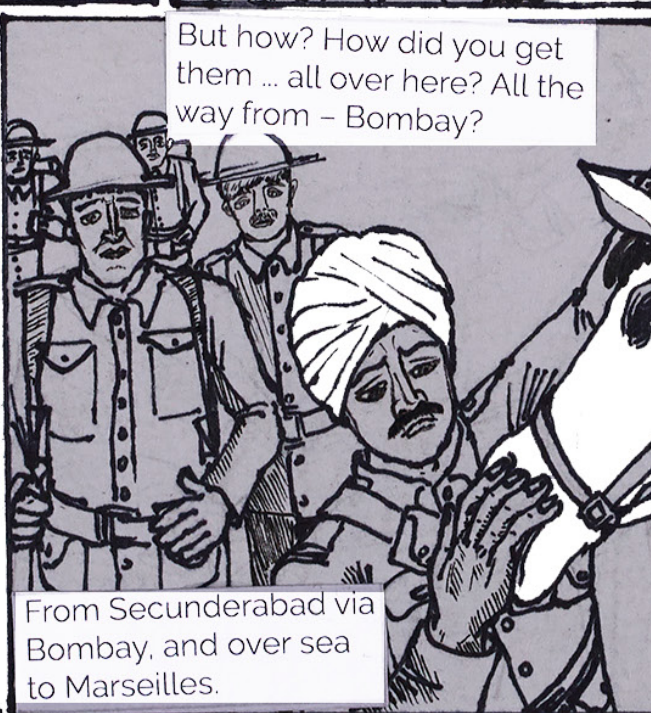


Is it true you brought over a camel? That's what I heard.



Quite true. There were 4 camels on my train. And 8 chargers, and 171 troop horses, and 4 mules. 278 horses & 24 mules in total. We brought over the machine guns. We hope you find them useful.

But how? How did you get them ... all over here? All the way from - Bombay?



From Secunderabad via Bombay, and over sea to Marseilles.

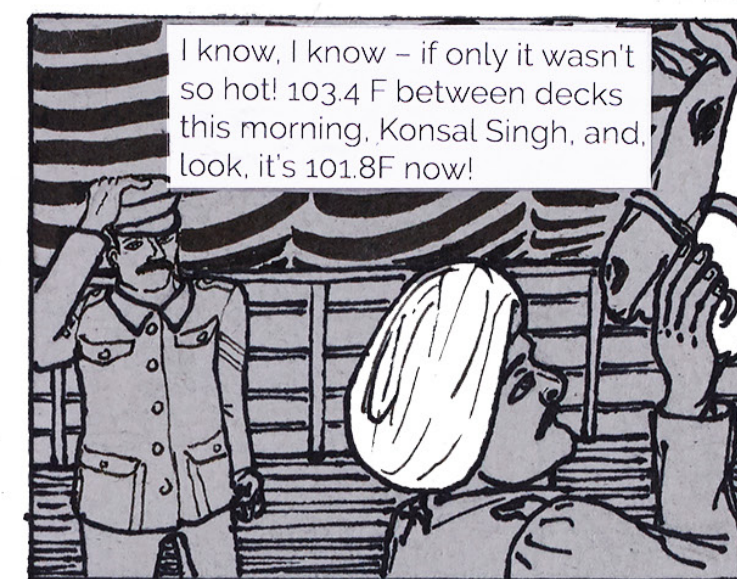
The Red Sea. The SS Kanee, 23 September 1914.



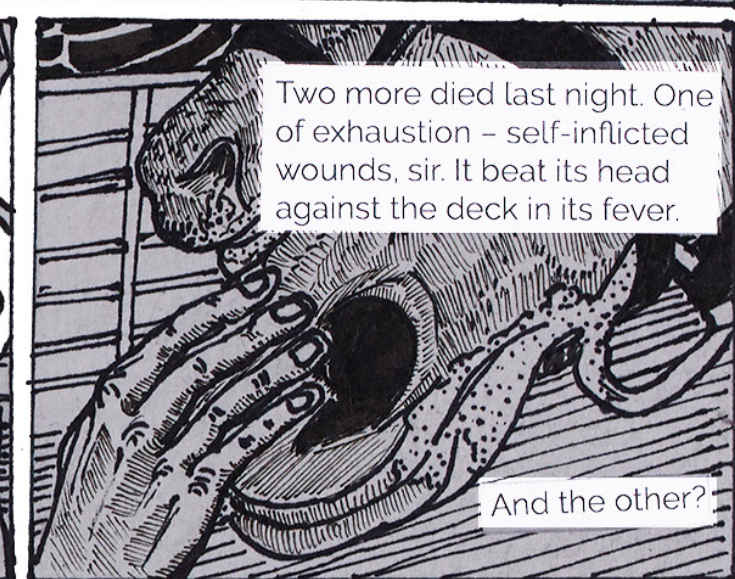
All the animals are sick, sir. They have been since we left Bombay.



I know, I know - if only it wasn't so hot! 103.4 F between decks this morning, Konsal Singh, and, look, it's 101.8F now!



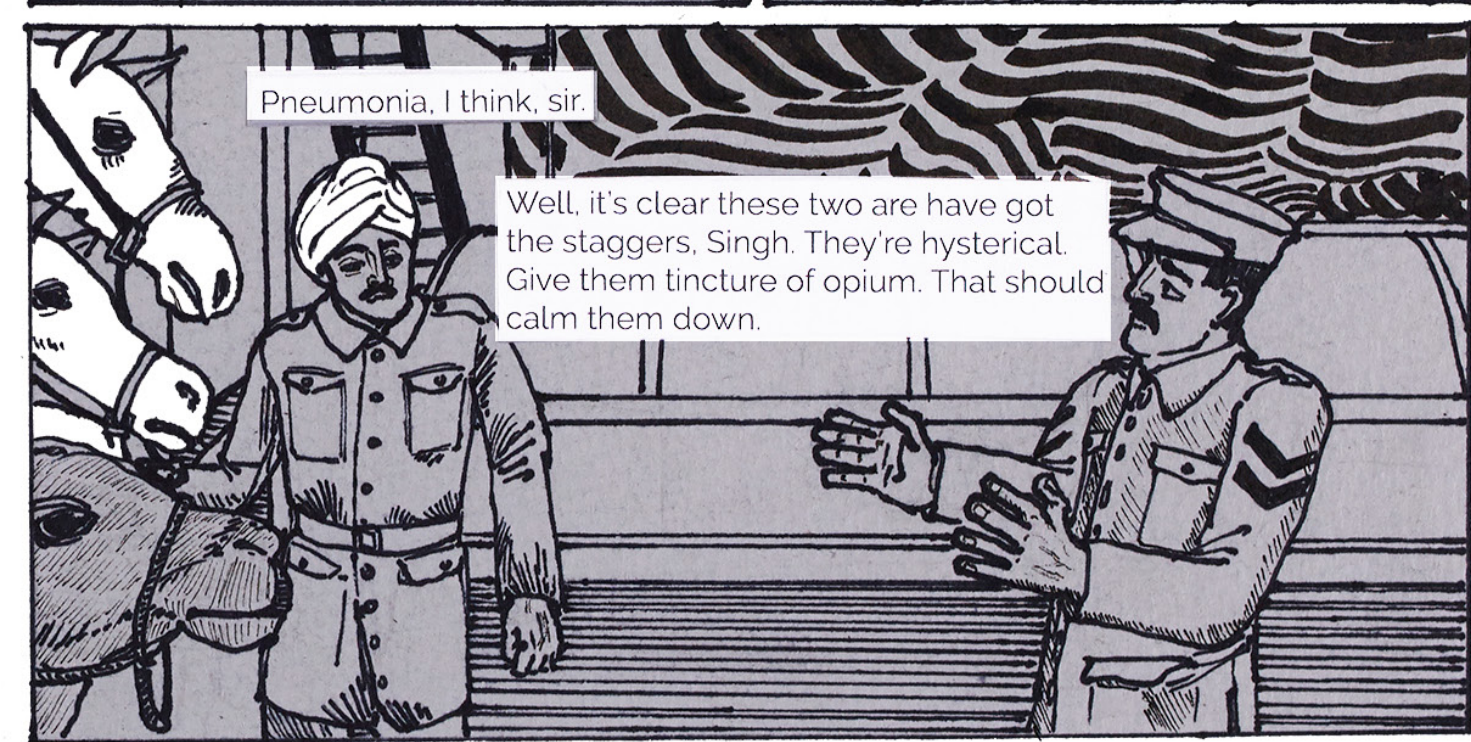
Two more died last night. One of exhaustion - self-inflicted wounds, sir. It beat its head against the deck in its fever.



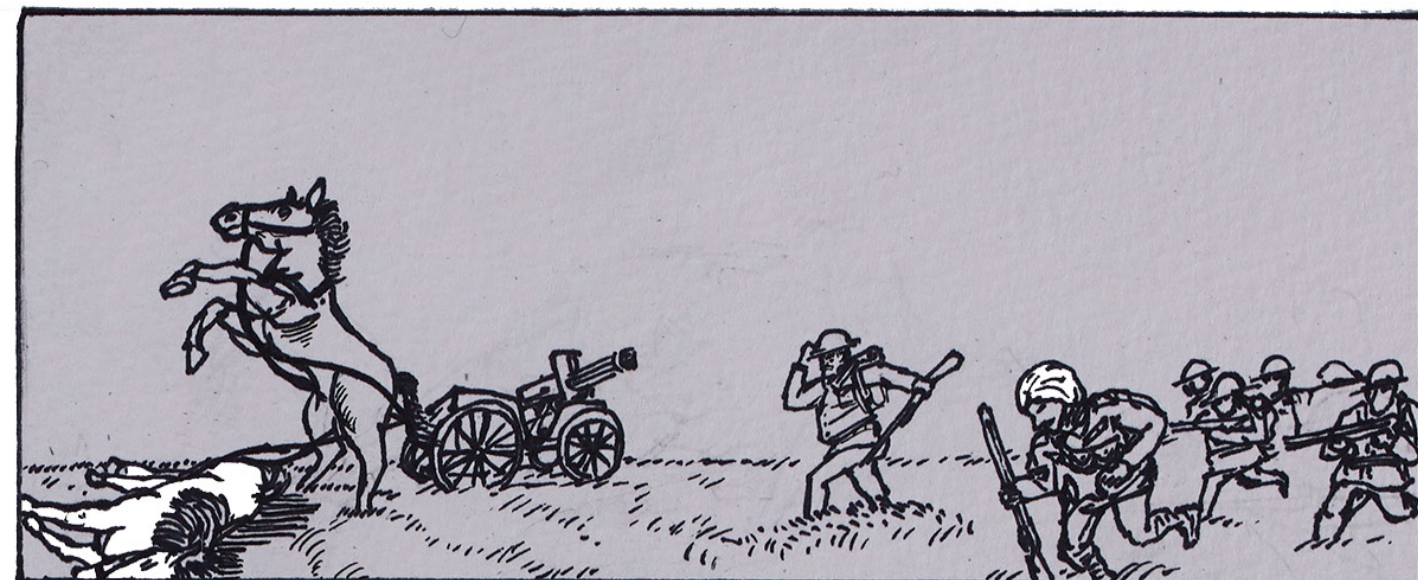
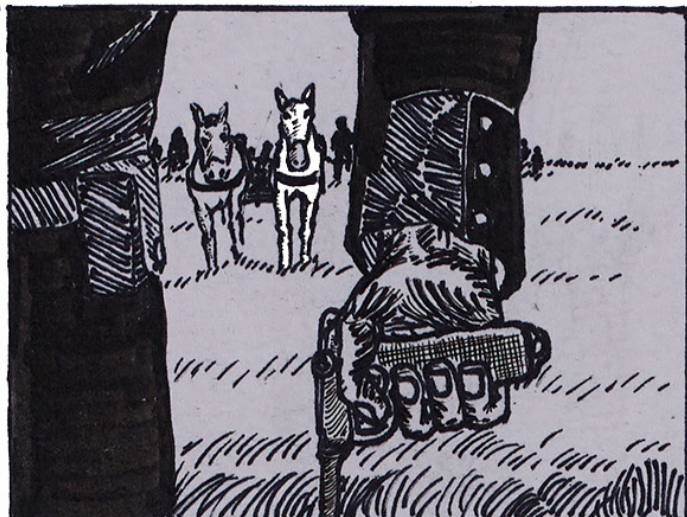
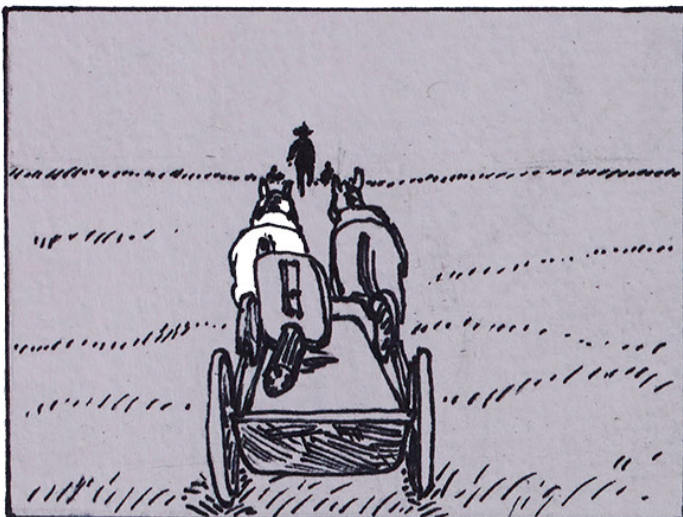
And the other?

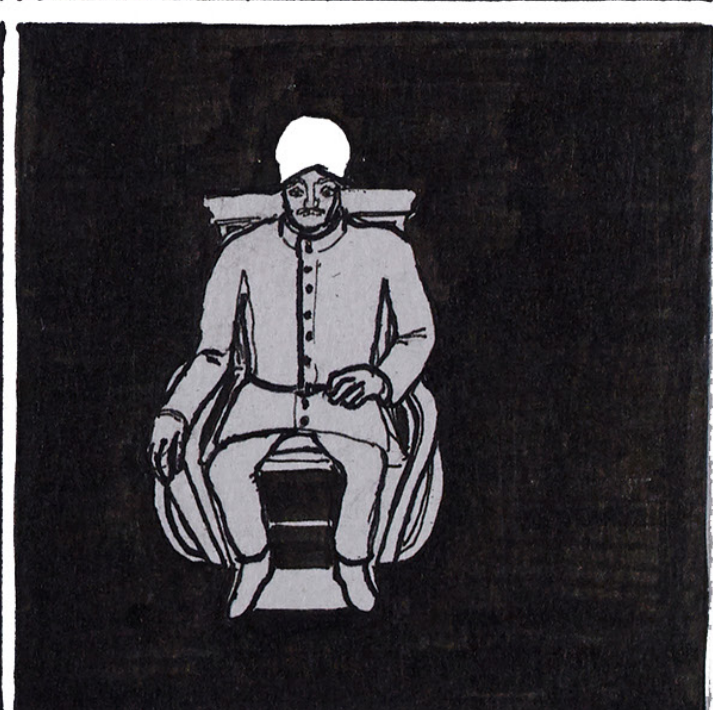
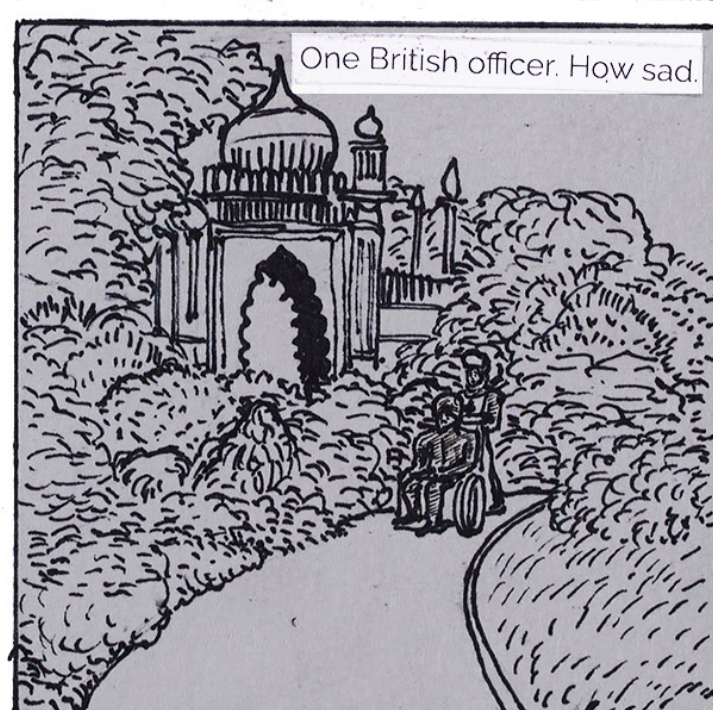
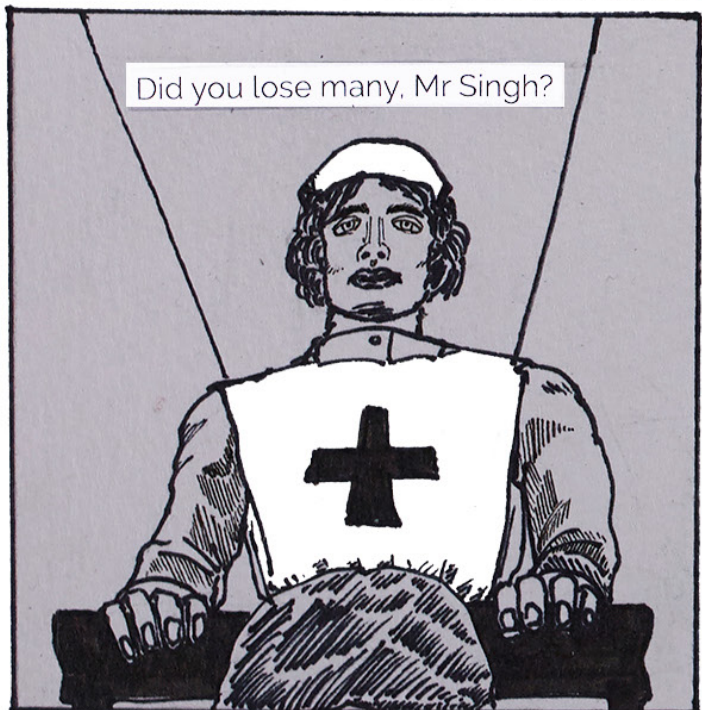
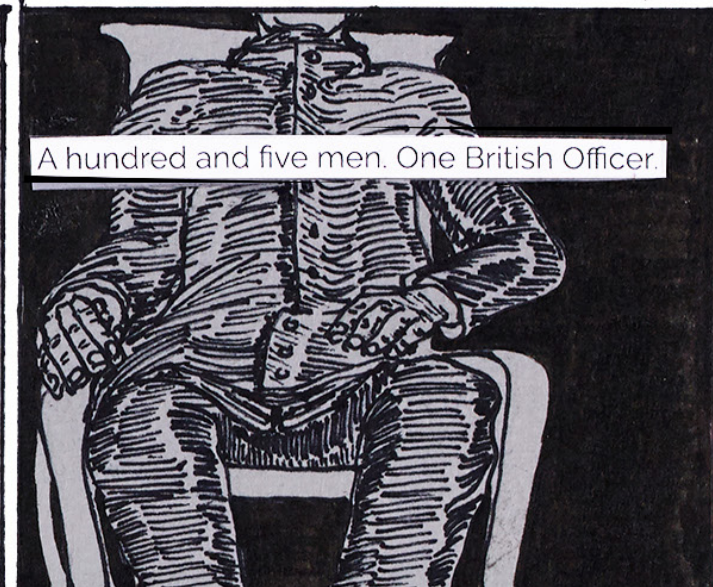
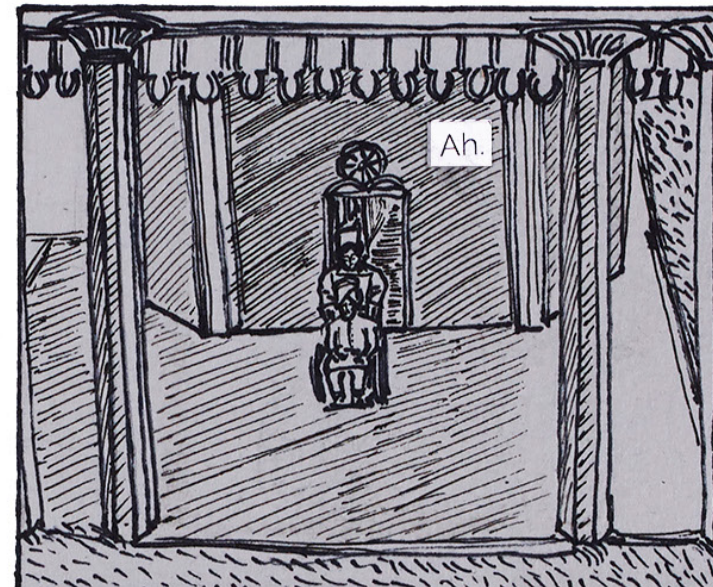
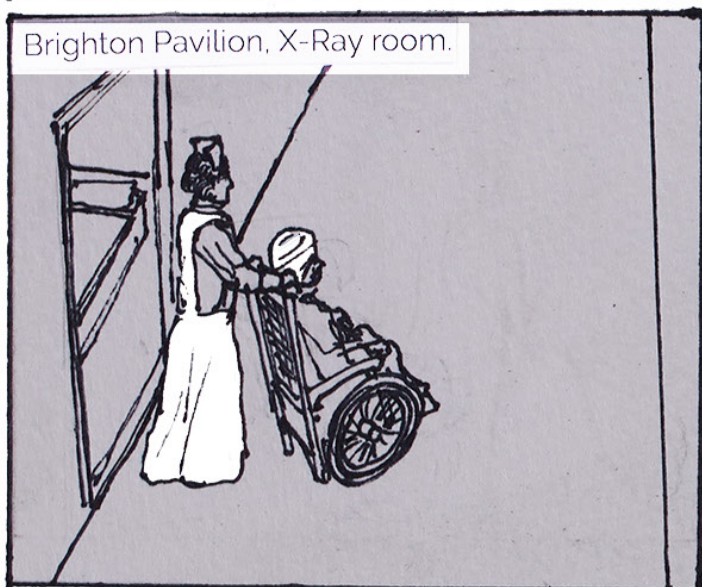
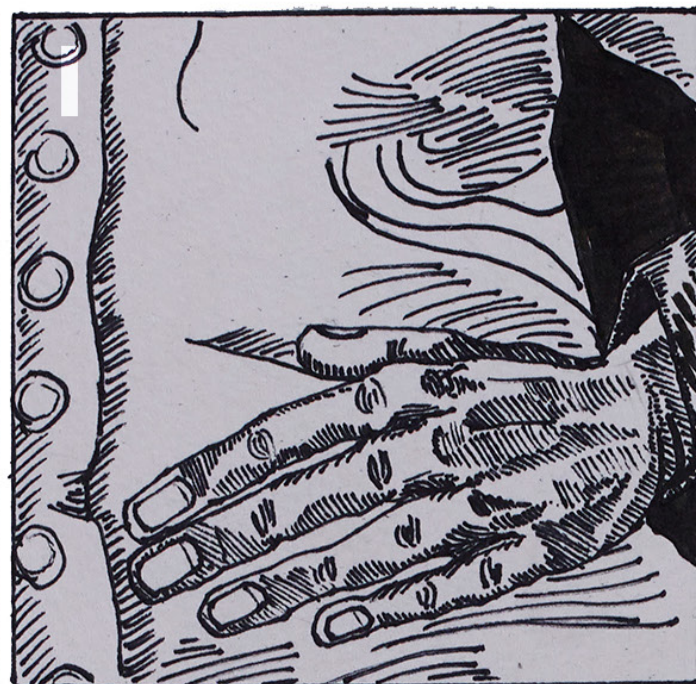
Pneumonia, I think, sir.

Well, it's clear these two are have got the staggers, Singh. They're hysterical. Give them tincture of opium. That should calm them down.



14 July 1916. Bazentin-le-Petit.





Brighton Pavilion, X-Ray room.

Thirteen men – how sad.

No, no – thirteen horses.

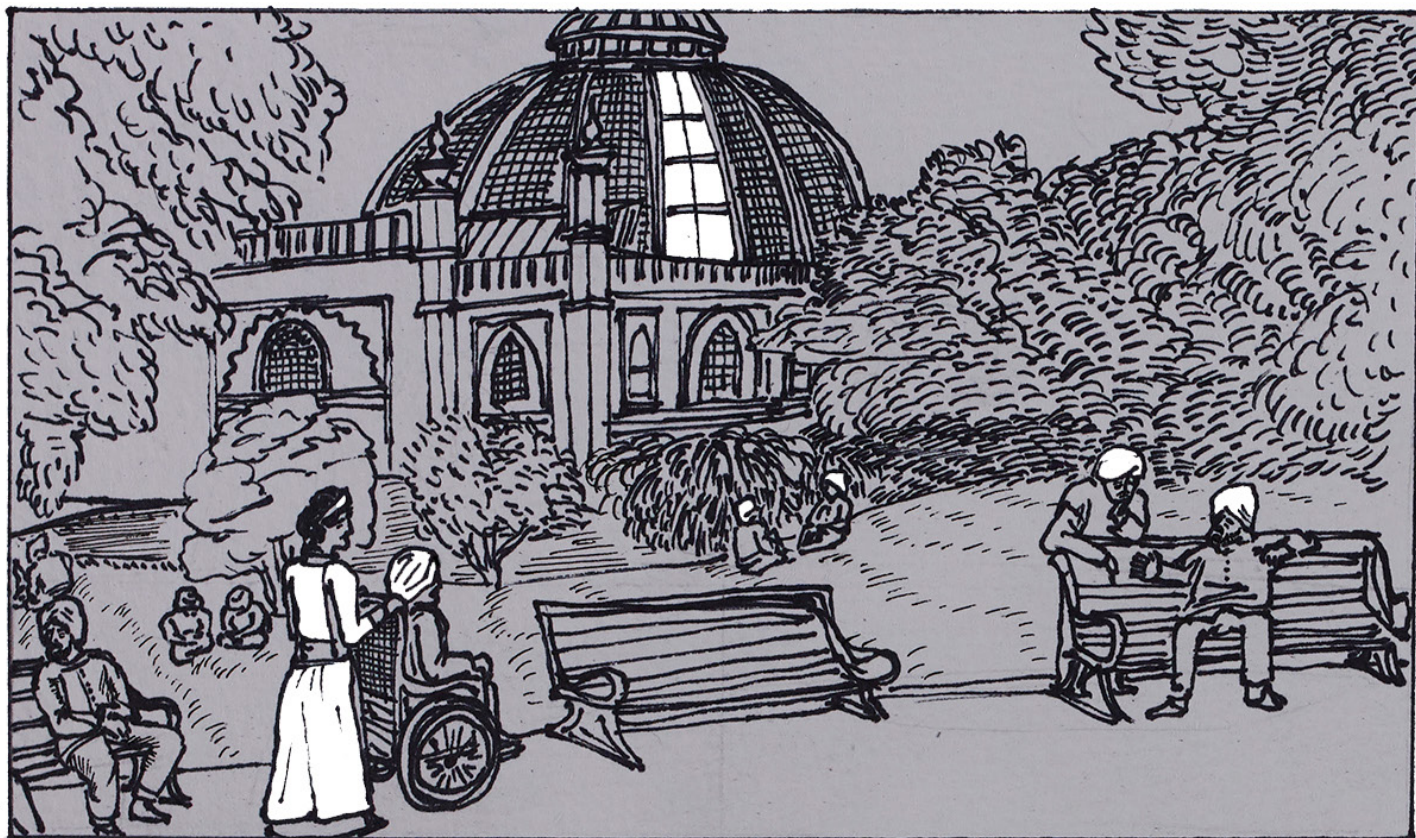
Ah.

A hundred and five men. One British Officer.

Did you lose many, Mr Singh?

Thirteen.

One British officer. How sad.



When will you go home, Mr Singh?

I don't know, nurse, I don't know.
When will you?





The Pigeoneer

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Sam Cunningham



13 August 2018. Doughty Street, London.

When's she coming out then?

Y'think she'll be with the movie star hubby?

I don't care, as long as I can get the shot and flog it for a bomb!



She's here!

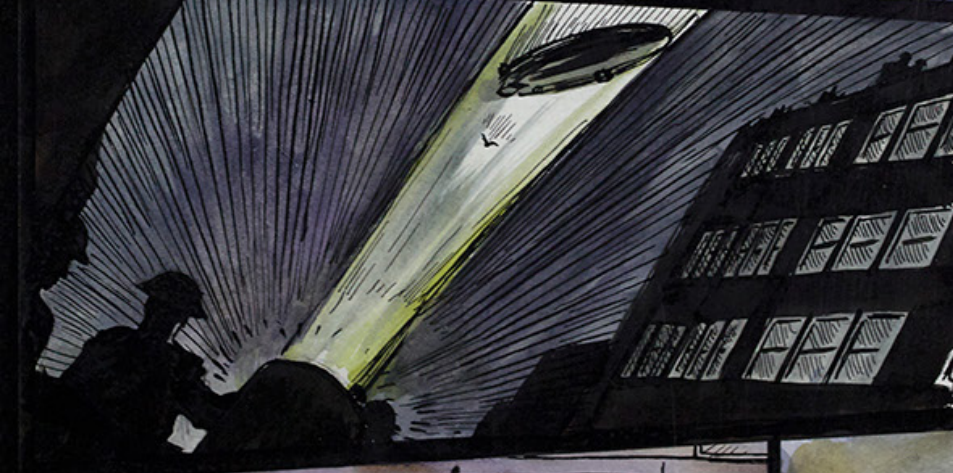


Shoot, shoot now, dammit!

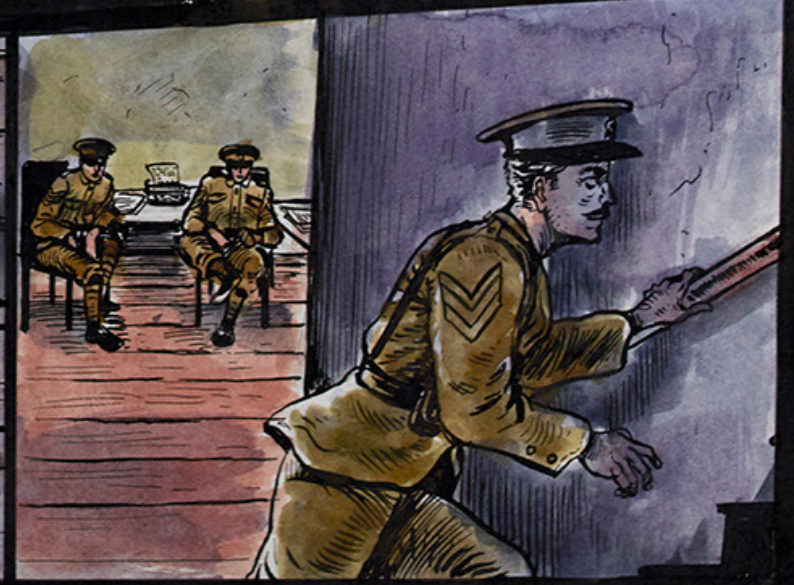


13 August 1918. Doughty Street, London.

Shoot, now, dammit!



Yes!





C'mon, darling, c'mon.



DING!



Oy! Fred! We've got a new batch of messages here!

Post-Office?



Post-office. I don't care if they're asleep - wake em up. They need to get these typed up and off to the Admiralty. Hurry up - I've got a collection now as well!

HONK!



They're here! Quick, give me a hand with the baskets. 600 men here and we're still rushed off our feet!



8 to a basket, mind, unless they're travelling with cavalry - in which case it's four to a basket. And don't mix up the ladies and gents or there'll be trouble!

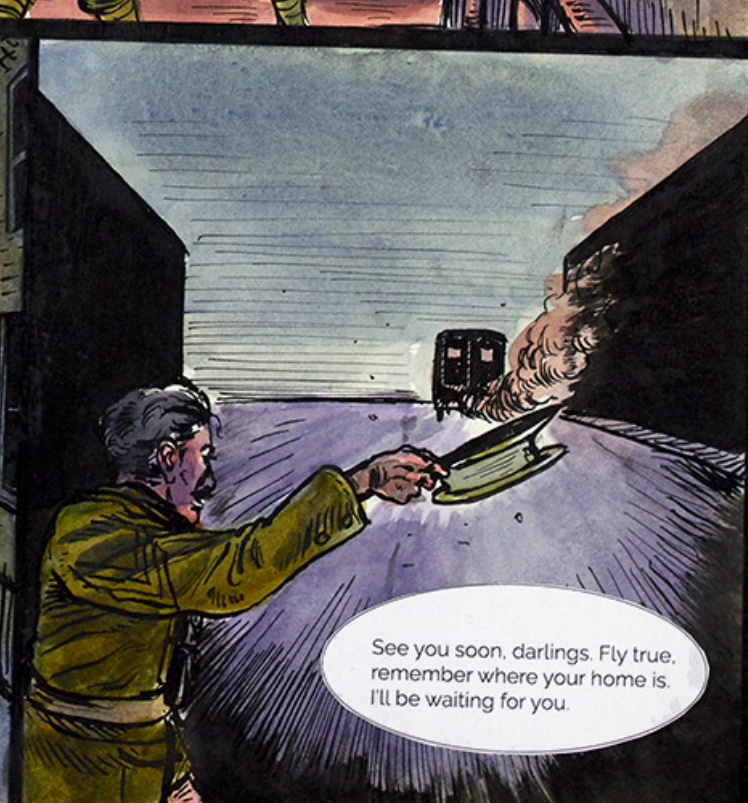
How do you tell?



Red for boys, blue for girls. It's obvious, innit? And not the babies - they stay here so the adults come back.



Mind how you go with 'em - they ain't hens to be treated any old way. These are intelligent birds, they are, highly strung.



See you soon, darlings. Fly true, remember where your home is. I'll be waiting for you.

Poperinghe, Belgium.

Hey! Fresh batch, all the way from HQ!

Get them up here, quick!
It's been lively today -

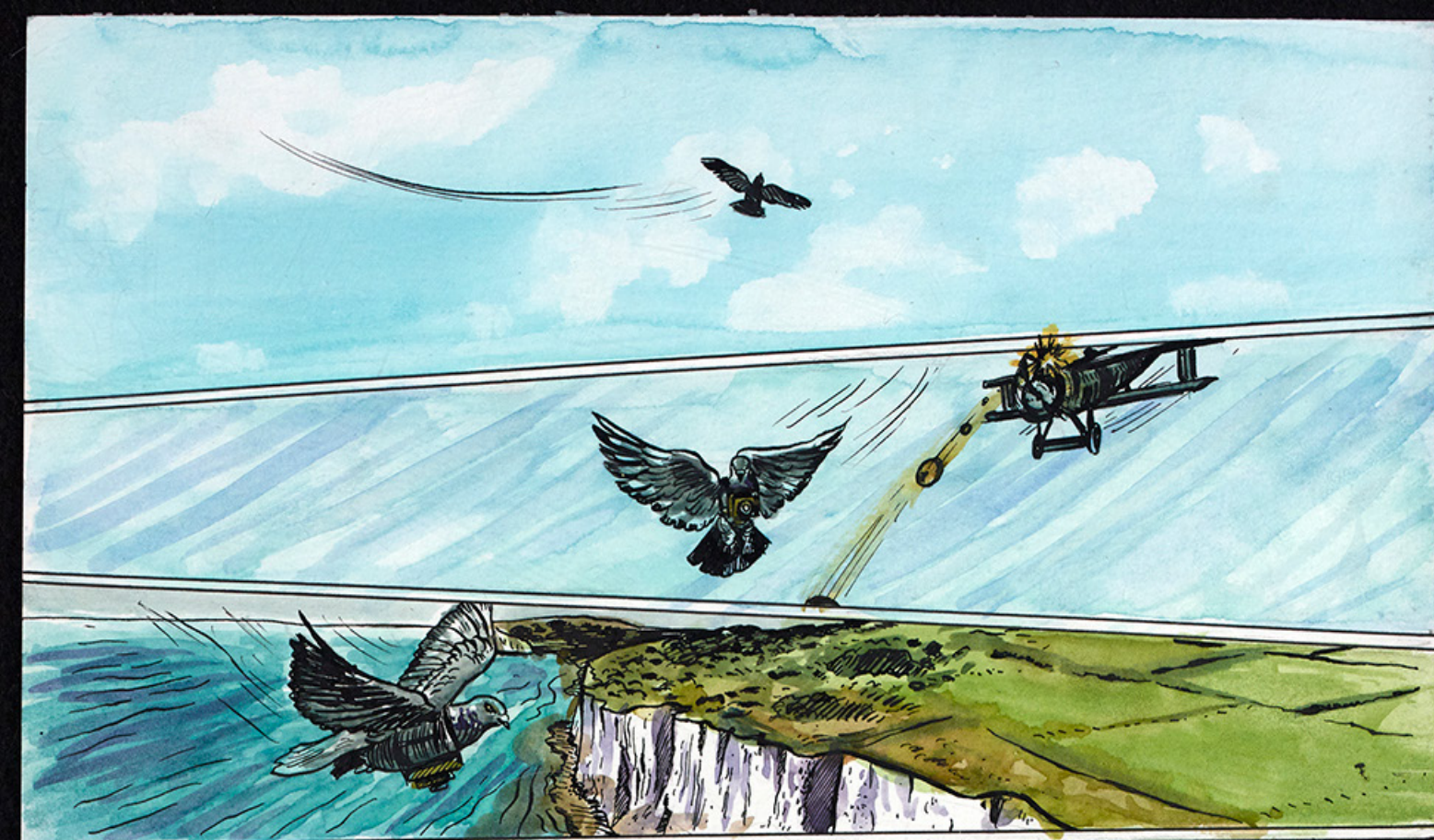
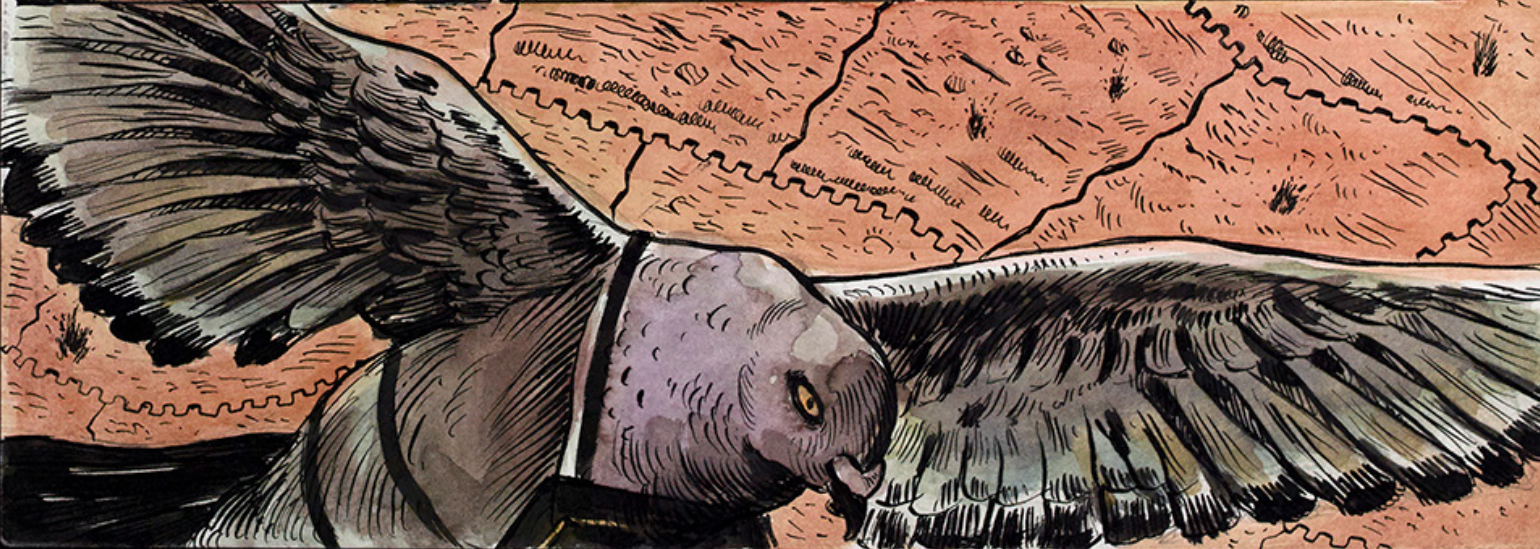
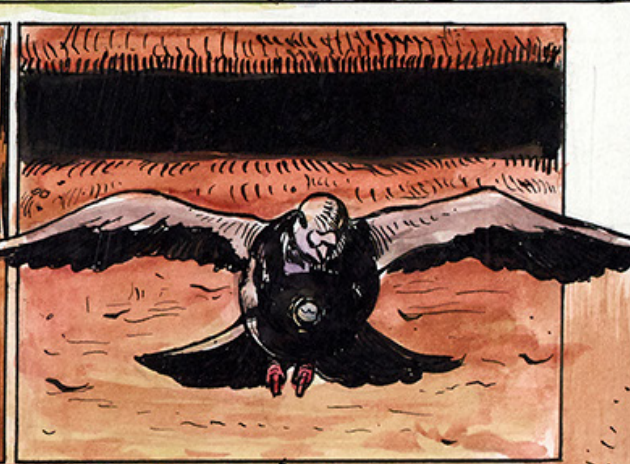
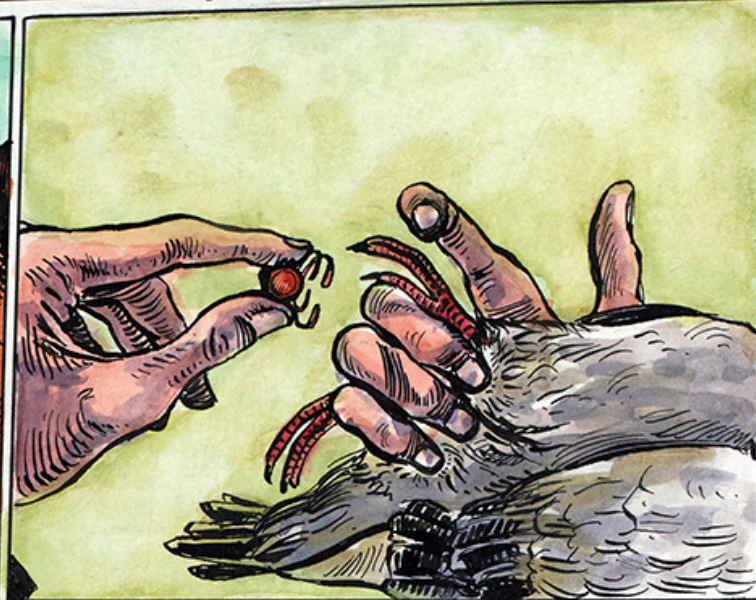
BOOM!

BOOM!

The birds, the birds!
Catch them!

Let 'em go!





Take this to the Post Office, quickly.
We've got footage in there of the
trenches, and they say they're
under attack with no lines of
communication.



Except the pigeons.

Except the pigeons...



Present day, Doughty Street, London.

Bloody hell, that was a close call.
Almost missed the shot.

We all deserve medals, we do.

Here we are, saving the world again. Let's
knock off early - who's for a drink?





The Mapmaker

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Bluebell Selley

1 July 1916, 6.30 AM. Day 1 of the 'Great Push' on the Somme.



He's like a little rat, this one - ain'tcha, lad? All nose and whiskers. He'll sniff out the lie of the land sure enough!

You'll be fine, boy-o. Head down, eyes peeled, look sharpish. Get mapping straight away - we need to see where we're going! Don't forget we need gen on buildings as well, and trees, and any hills or mounds - height, width, everything! And pillboxes, too! We need to know where they're firing from.



We'll be right behind you, laddie. Remember, we'll smoke 'em out first, and then we'll push through. We've got your back.



Smoke? But —



That's right lad. So you'll need your mask. Look out for runners - you can send your maps back with him. And don't forget your binoculars!



He can't be a day older than my lad, and he's not a day over fourteen.




Never mind that - we need a map! And he's such a mite the Bosch might overlook him.



God be with him.




It's almost time. God be with us all.



They look like they're taking a stroll on Wimbledon Common.




Like clockwork.




Clump of trees over there by NAMELESS FARM. Stump due West, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of ETCH. Bombed-out farmhouse in the far distance, north-north-east, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from FERRET.

Hillock by FEINT.

Tree stump near FARMYARD.



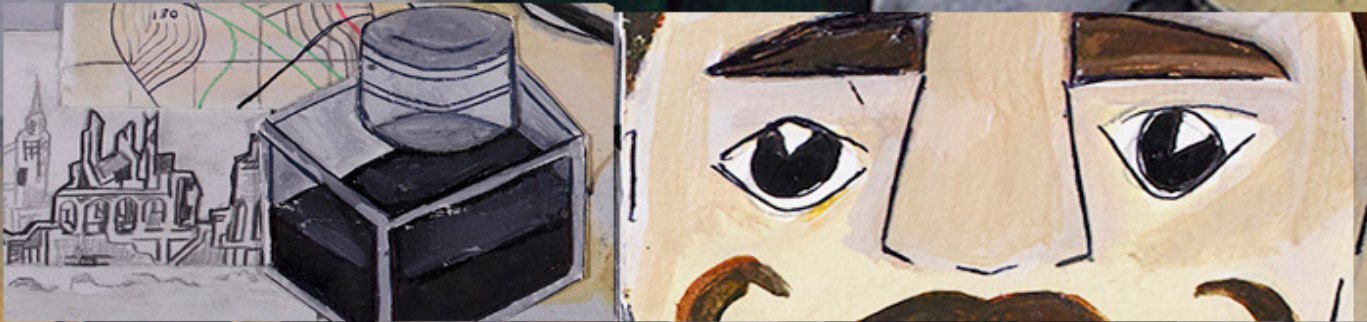
Tussock by FEVER, bushes near FABLE, tree stumps at FURY.



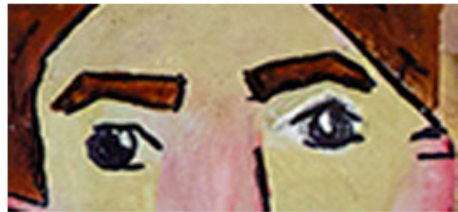
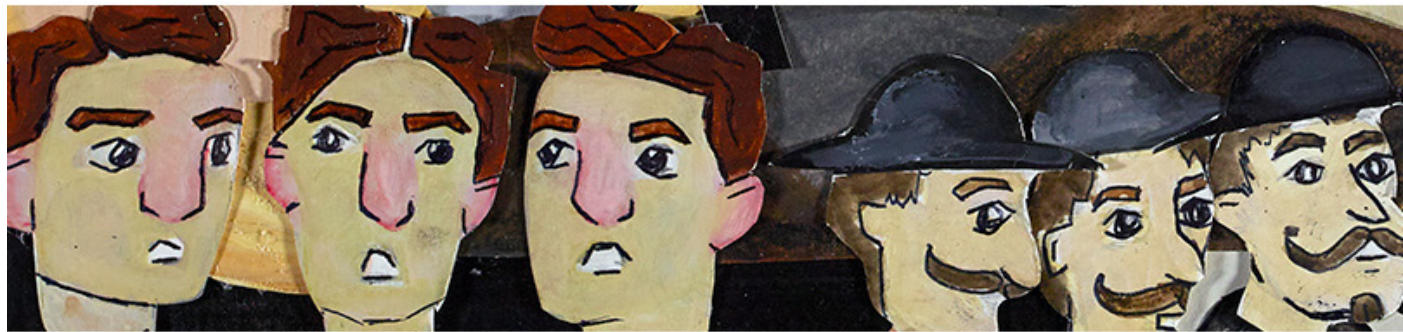
You - you -



You - you -



Ich? - Du - künstler?? Artist??



You - you -





ANCRE HEIGHTS



The Piper

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Eloise James

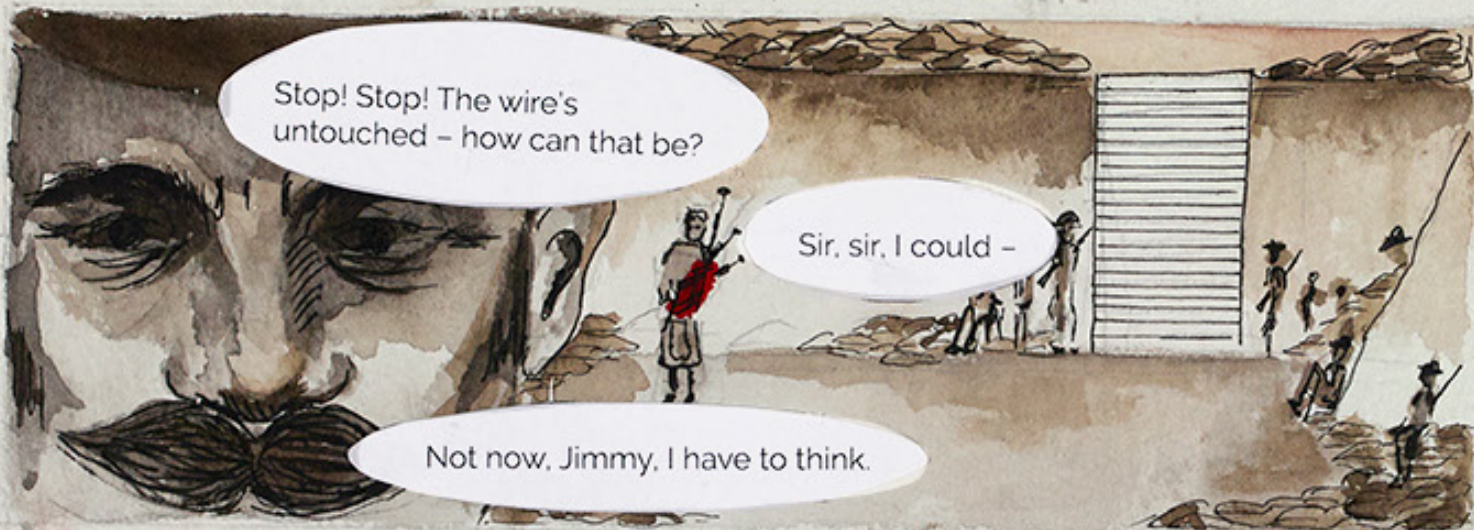
5 am, October 8, 1916. Ancre Heights, near Regina Trench, which is held by German troops. The 19th Battalion (Canadian-Scottish) are nearby.



Now! Cover your ears, lads!



That should have knocked out the wire so you can get through. Over the top, now, you'll have a clear run!



Stop! Stop! The wire's untouched – how can that be?

Sir, sir, I could –

Not now, Jimmy, I have to think.



Yes, Jimmy! That's a bonny tune.



With your permission, sir –

What? I –



Come on, men!



Here, Jimmy. give me a hand!



Regina Trench, captured by the 19th Battalion.

C'mon, Jimmy lad, it's time to have a sit down.



Sir, I can't - my pipes.

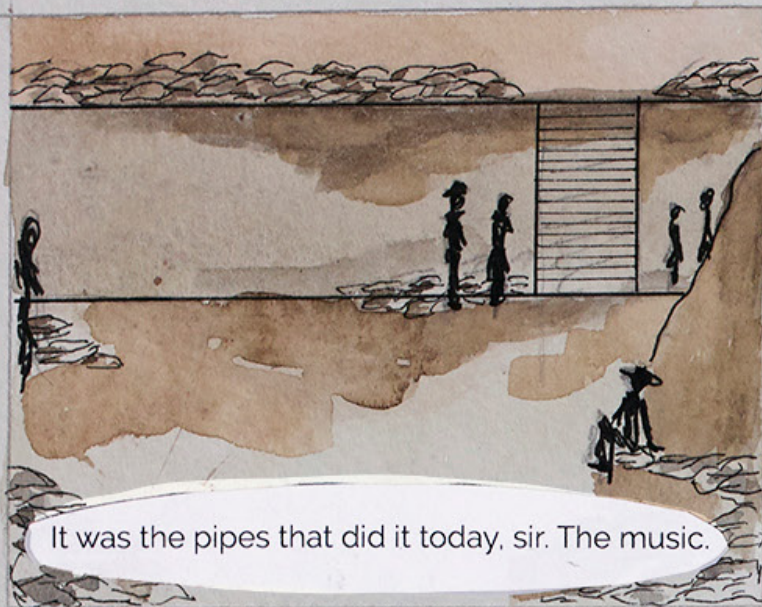


What about your pipes?

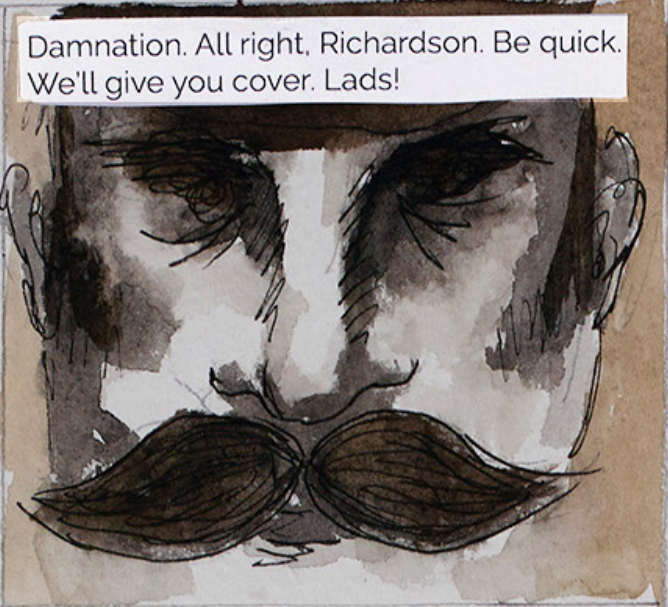
I left them, sir, out there.
I have to get them back.

Don't be an idiot, Richardson.

But sir - I'm not a piper without them.



It was the pipes that did it today, sir. The music.



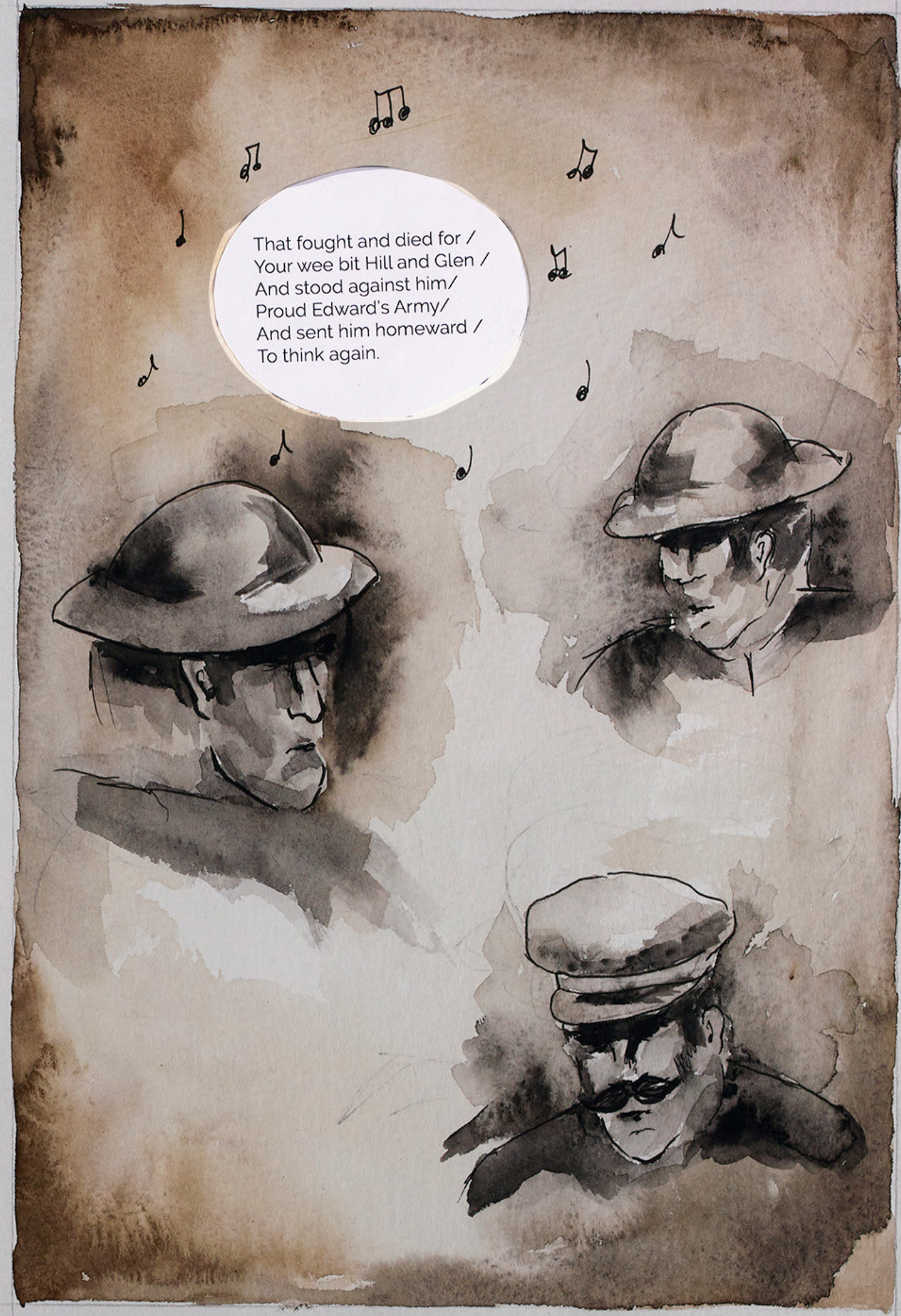
Damnation. All right, Richardson. Be quick. We'll give you cover. Lads!



I - I can't see him, sir.

What do you - wait! Can you hear something?

It's the wind, sir. Just the wind.



That fought and died for /
Your wee bit Hill and Glen /
And stood against him /
Proud Edward's Army /
And sent him homeward /
To think again.



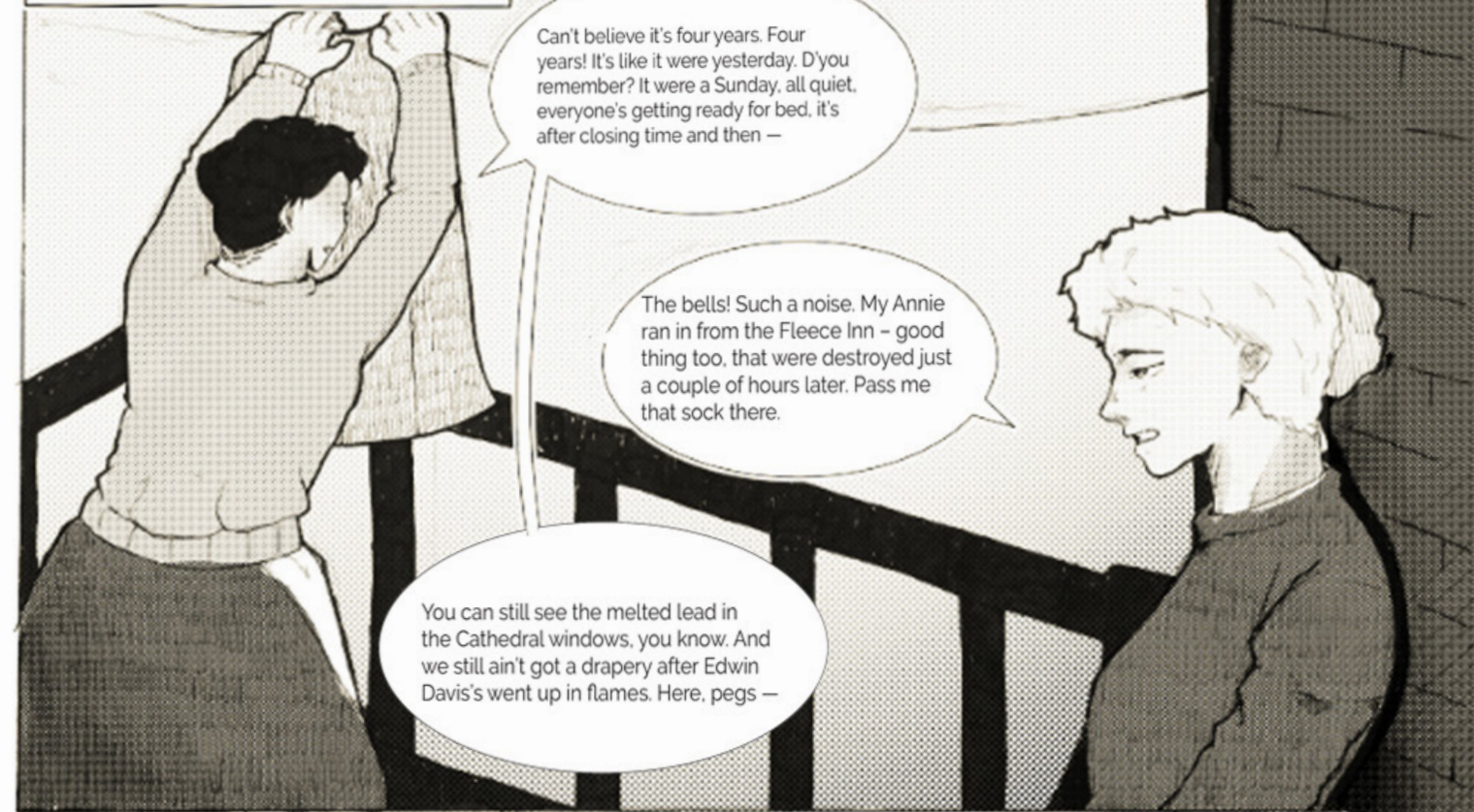
Hull

The Captain

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Kai Conlon

5 June, 1919. Hull. Edwin Place, on Porter Street.



Can't believe it's four years. Four years! It's like it were yesterday. D'you remember? It were a Sunday, all quiet, everyone's getting ready for bed, it's after closing time and then —

The bells! Such a noise. My Annie ran in from the Fleece Inn — good thing too, that were destroyed just a couple of hours later. Pass me that sock there.

You can still see the melted lead in the Cathedral windows, you know. And we still ain't got a drapery after Edwin Davis's went up in flames. Here, pegs —



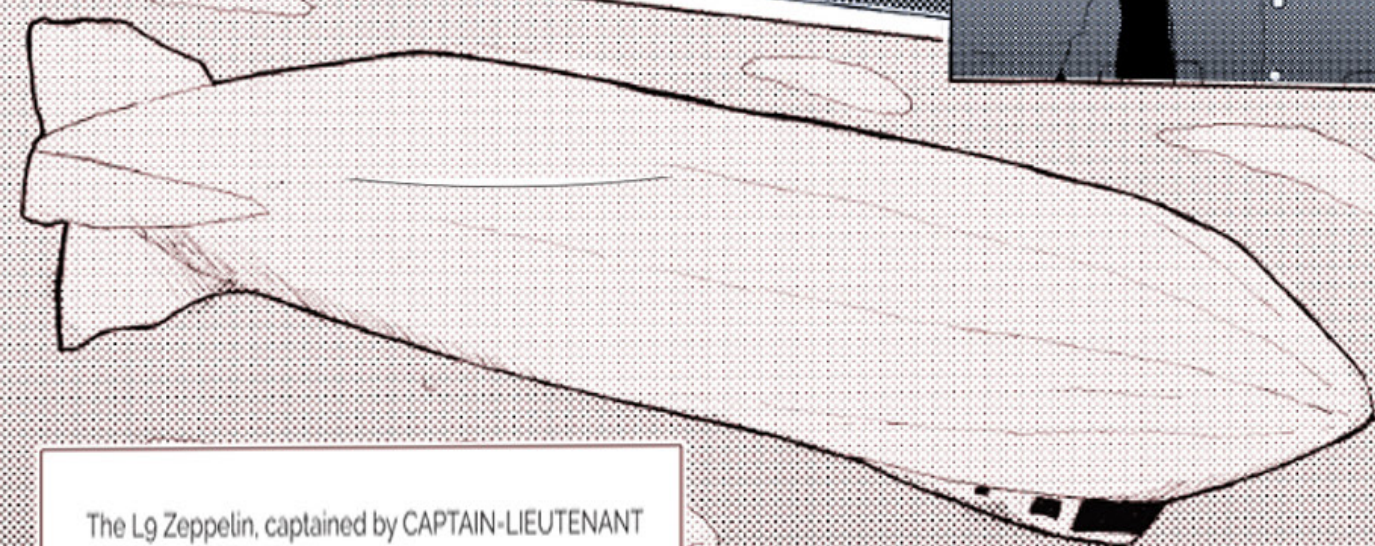
Ta, chuck. And then the blighters dropped a bomb on the tenfoot — still ain't got a roof on the house over the way.

Them blimps gave me the willies. Like great slugs in the sky.



'cept they moved so quick — and even the pom-poms couldn't get 'em.

5 June, 1919. Hull, Edwin Place, on Porter Street. An anti-aircraft station at Killingholme, near Hull.
Captain HARRY SMITH (33 years old) is in charge.

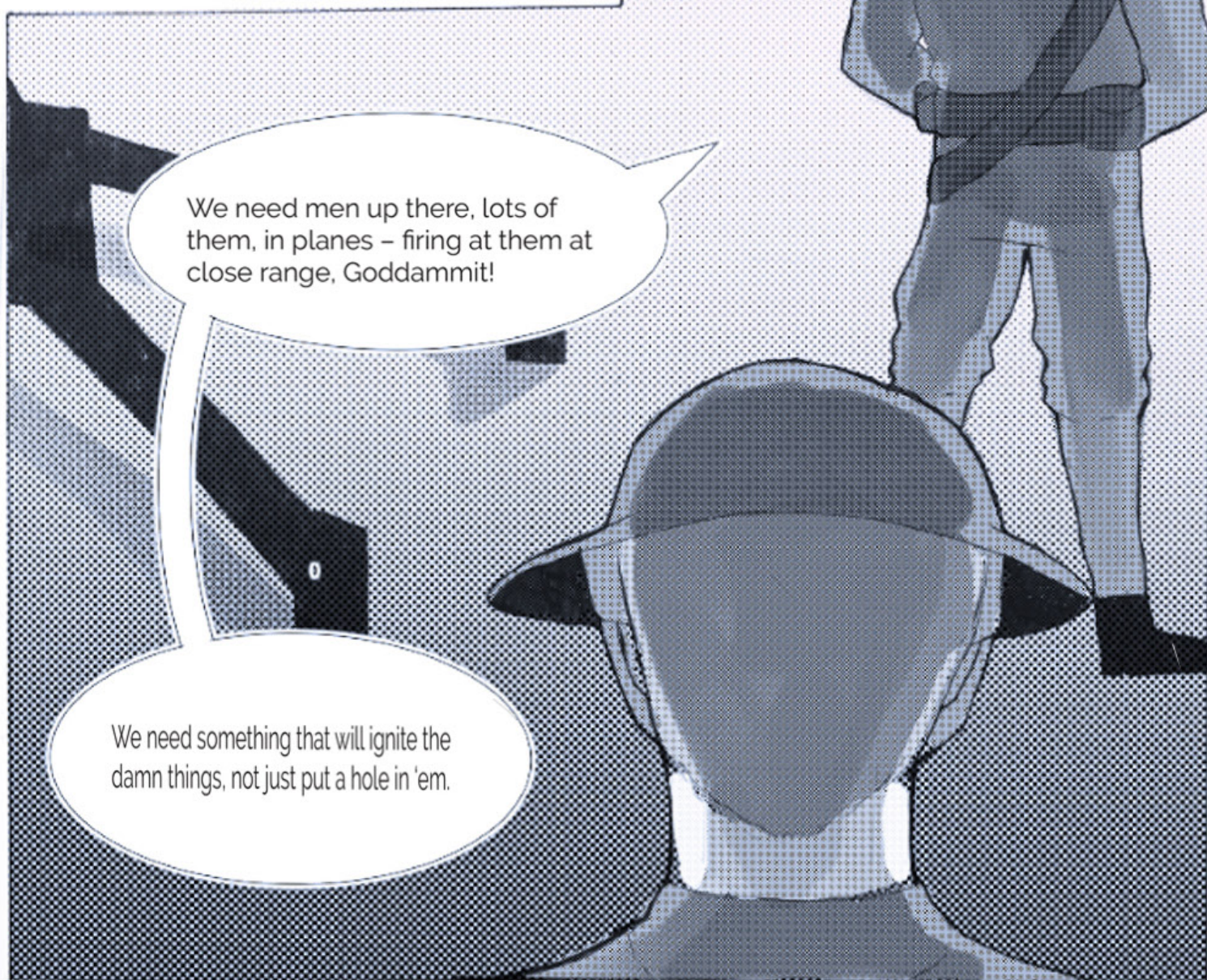


The L9 Zeppelin, captained by CAPTAIN-LIEUTENANT HEINRICH MATHY (33 years old).

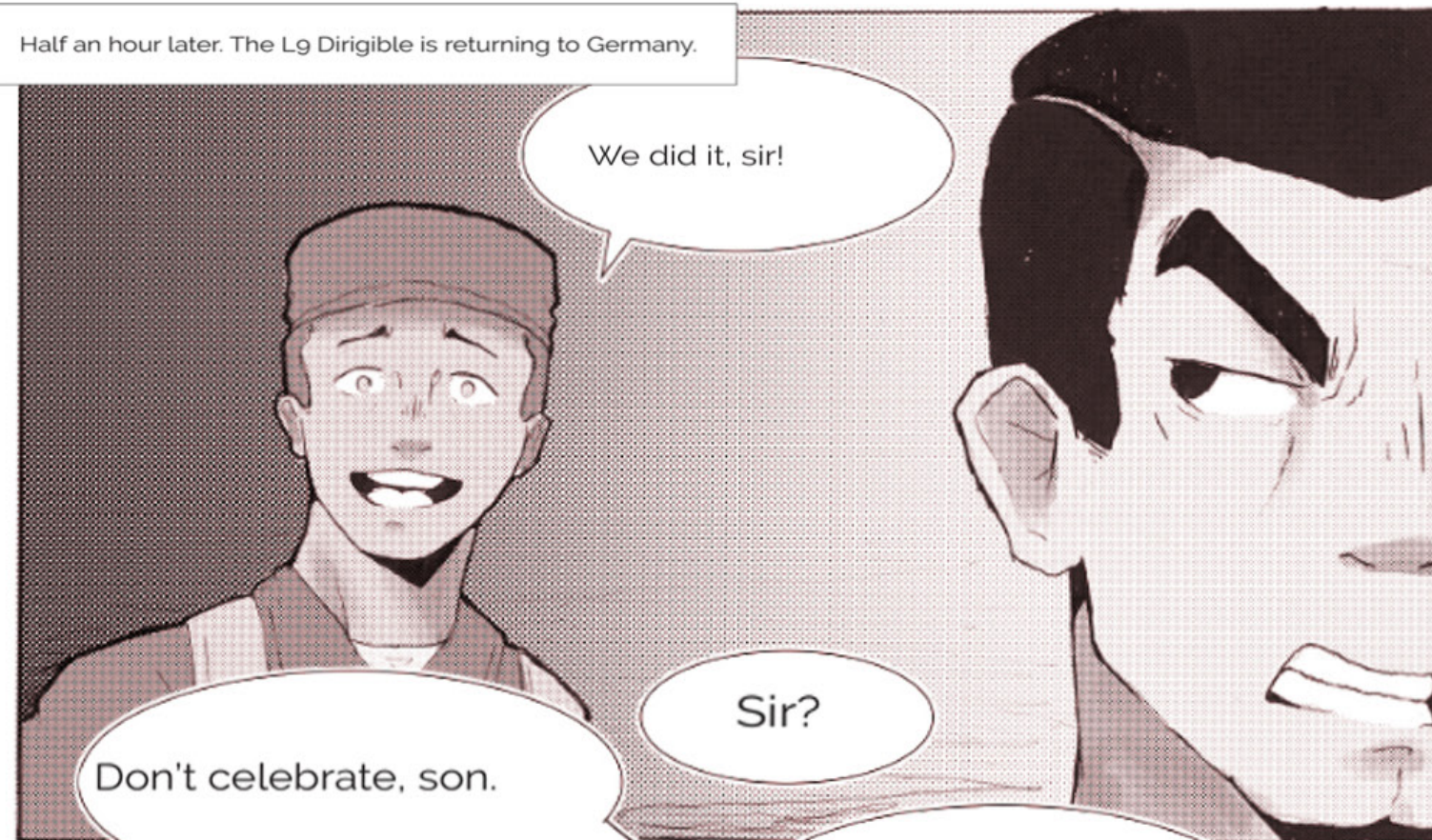


So cold... and we're moving so fast.





Half an hour later. The L9 Dirigible is returning to Germany.





Those infernal machines meant we
couldn't rest in our own beds at night.

Total war, my Harry called it,
may he rest in peace.

Total war.



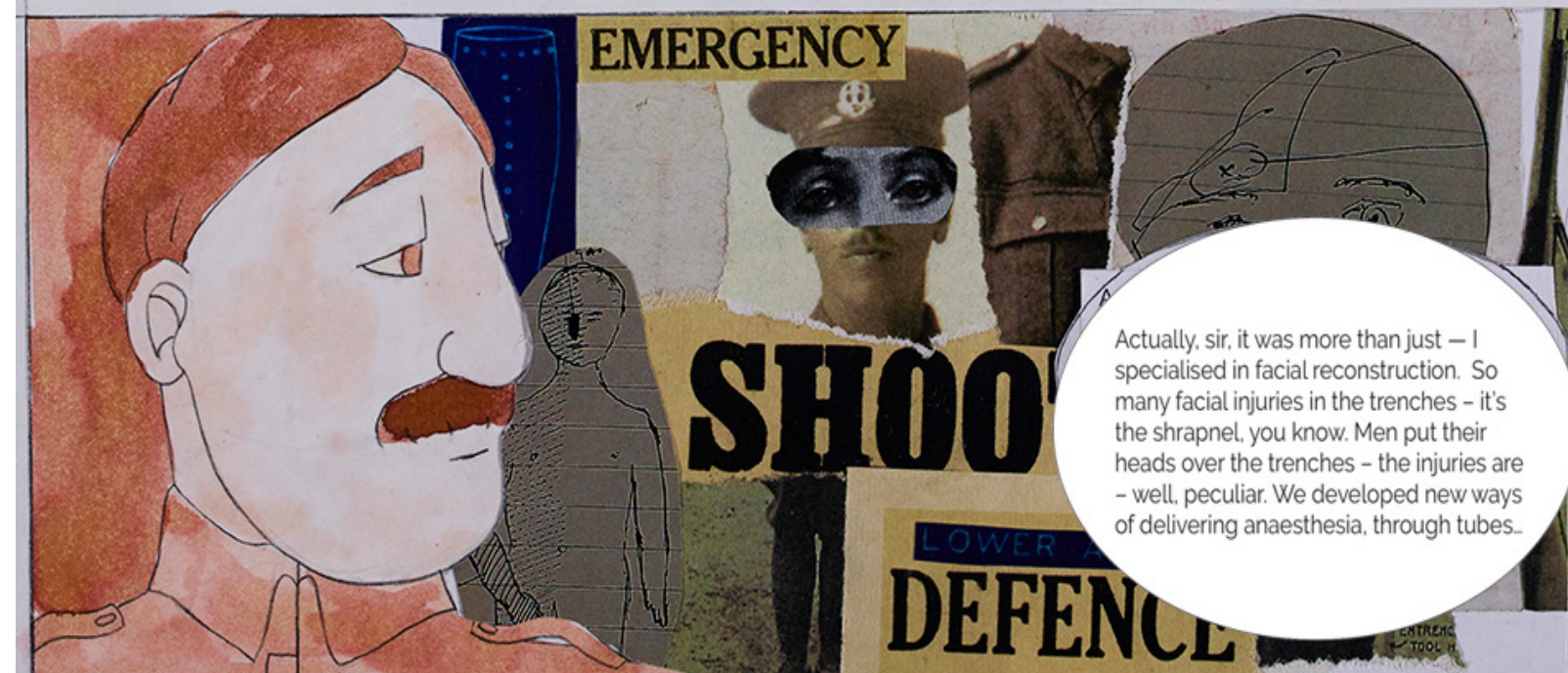
The Doctor

Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Blythe Eveleigh-Evans



1918. An examining room in St Thomas's Hospital, London. Sir Seymour Sharkey, Consultant Physician (aged 71) and Medical Officer Frank Morley (aged 30) are in attendance.



The hospital ship SS Devantia. The operating theatre.



I can't, he's too heavy -

More anaesthetic, Nurse Bell, quickly!

Nurse Cottrell! For god's sake, you do everything together anyway! Help her!

Here, darli— Nurse Bell - we need to stop his tongue rolling back. Push his head forward.

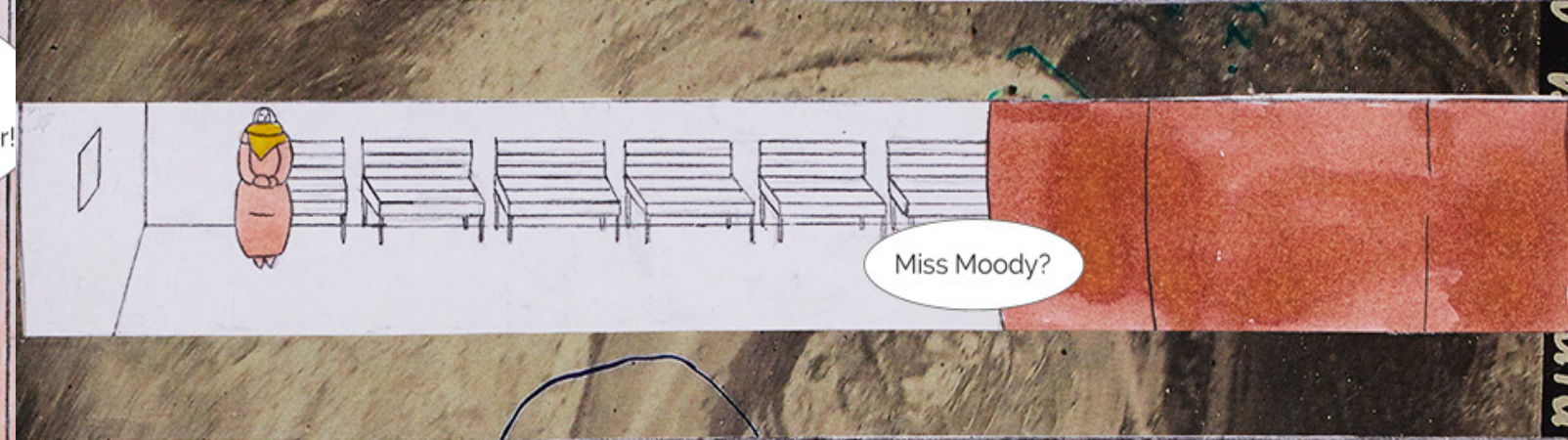


Just - that's it. Well done, you two. You're a fine team. He'll be fine, now...



Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs, Moreton - I wrote the book on opium use! Literally - I called it Morphinomania - I suppose you haven't read it. Hah! Well, our next patient's certainly peculiar.

Stop dawdling, man! I need to get back to George. We've got a golfing expedition lined up this weekend.



Miss Moody?



Well?







LILY MOODY, in bedsit.



SHARKEY, on a golf course.





MARTINPUICH

M

Taken on 21st 5.44 (40)

Martinpuich

Pozieres

GOURLAY
TRENCH.

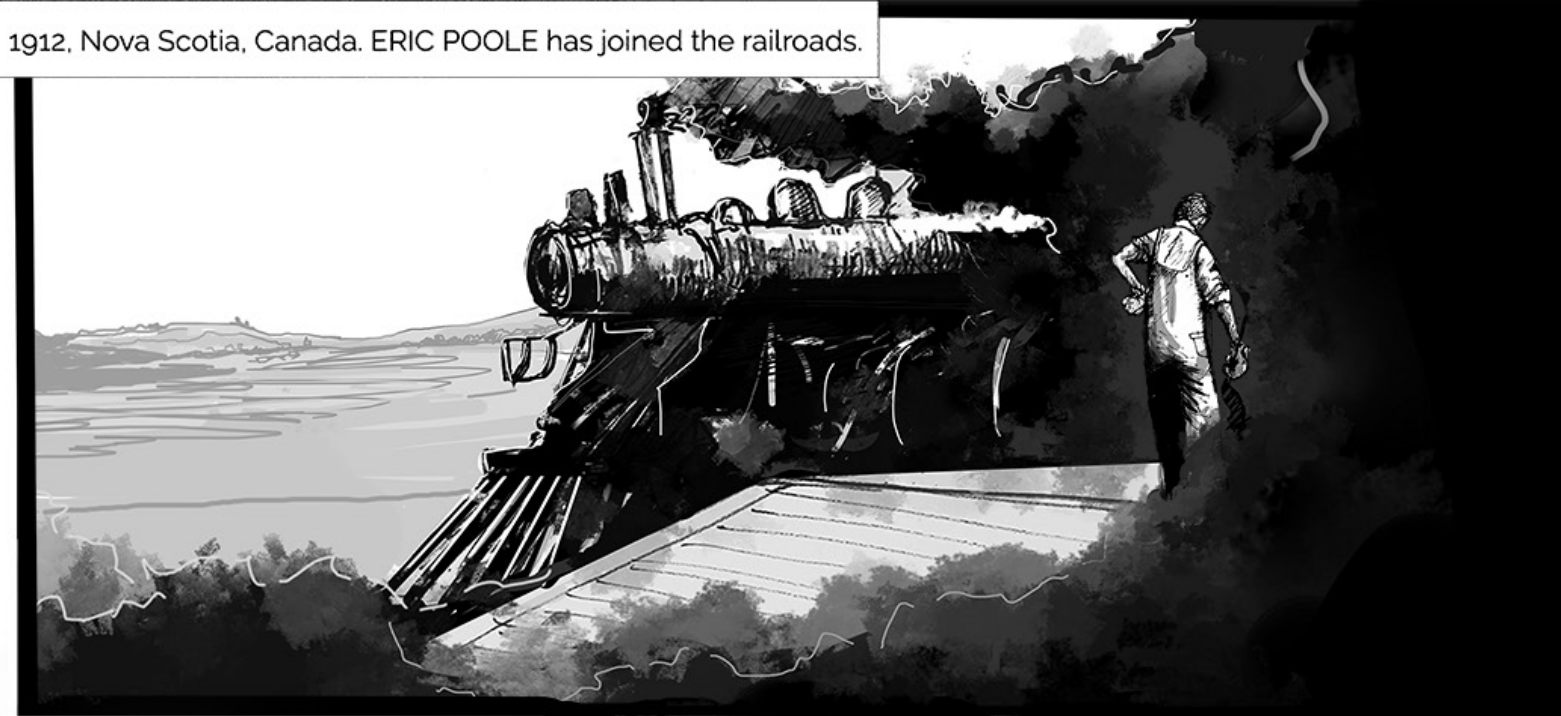
GORDON
ALLEY

The Officer

Text by
Carol Adlam

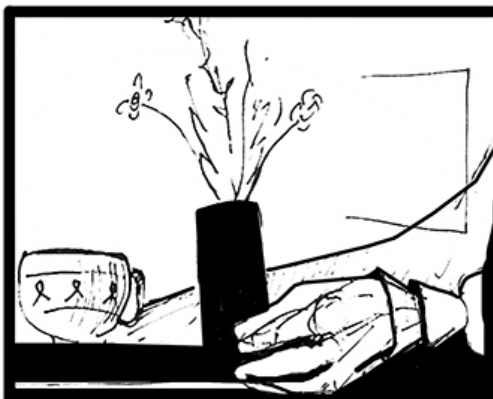
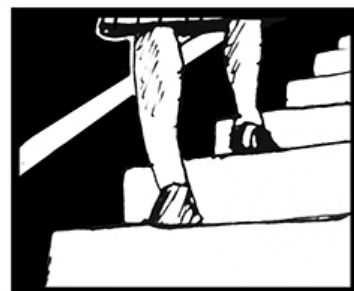
Illustrations by
Matthew Lee

1912, Nova Scotia, Canada. ERIC POOLE has joined the railroads.





5 October 1916, near Martinpuich, France.



Steady yourself, sir. You know the Company's going to the front line this evening.



Military court, Poperinghe, Belgium.

How do you plead?

Not guilty.

Will you represent yourself?

I will.

Witness for the PROSECUTION: Captain C.L. Armstrong.

I told the accused he was to follow me with his platoon in groups of five to relieve the front line. At 4.50 pm I went ahead. We arrived in the PLERS line trench at about 11.30 pm.

At 12 midnight I went along the trench and found the accused was absent.

At I knew he had been hospitalised with shell-shock, and I noticed before that his nerves seemed rather shaken. I thought he was below average in intellect – in fact, rather stupid.

Witness for the DEFENCE: Lieut. E.A. Cooper



When I went to collect him he was in a very dazed condition.

I came to the conclusion he was not responsible for his actions. He was very dazed indeed.

He came up to us of his own accord. He was asking for the men of the 23rd Division.

Since I have had shell-shock I at times get confused and have great difficulty in making up my mind. I did not realise the difficulty of not going up to the front line on October 5th.

I went to an aid post as I had a slight touch of rheumatism.

I then went down to try and find the others.



Eric POOLE speaks.

Witness for the DEFENCE: 2nd Lieut. Alnwick



I knew him for four months. I should say he was not fit to have a platoon. In my opinion he is more than eccentric.

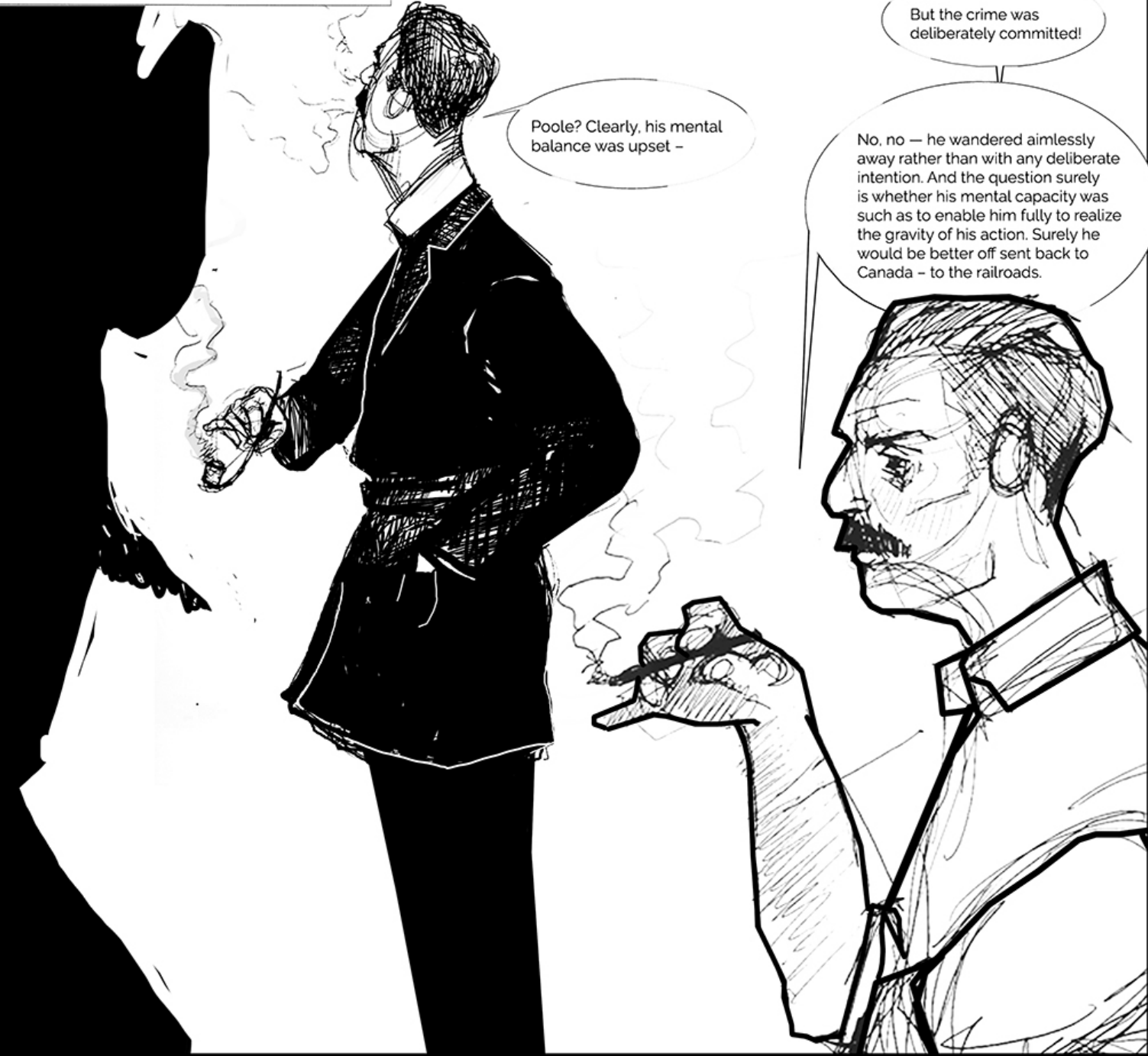
I have always noticed something peculiar in his manner. I think that he might become so mentally confused that he would not be responsible for his actions.



Witness for the DEFENCE: CAPTAIN D.O. RIDELL, Medical Officer



Officer's Mess. Present are BRIGADIER-GENERAL T.S. LAMBERT, commanding 69th Brigade; LIEUT-COL M. BARKER, 11 W Yorks Reg; JUDGE's ADJUTANT.

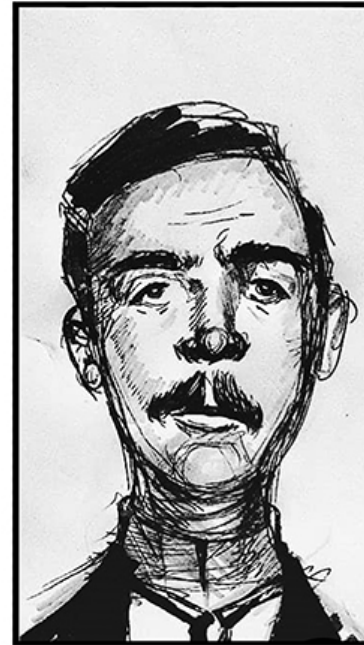


Poole? Clearly, his mental balance was upset -

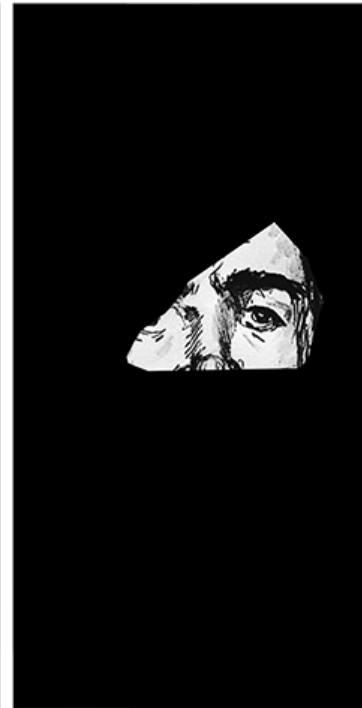
But the crime was deliberately committed!

No, no - he wandered aimlessly away rather than with any deliberate intention. And the question surely is whether his mental capacity was such as to enable him fully to realize the gravity of his action. Surely he would be better off sent back to Canada - to the railroads.

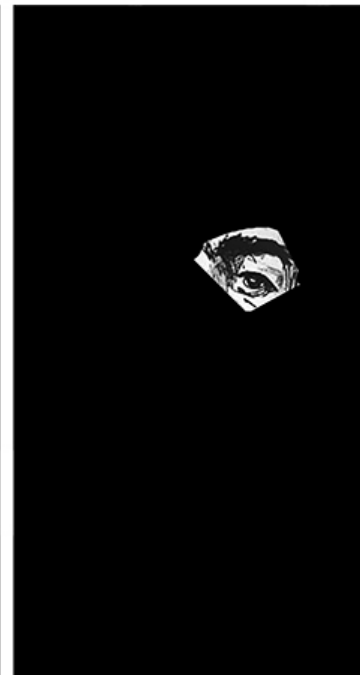
The Board is of the opinion that he was of sound mind and capable of appreciating the nature and quality of his action in absenting himself -



- and that such an act was wrong.



The Board is also of the opinion that his mental powers are less than average.



The sentence is: to suffer death by being shot.



Sentence carried out on 10th
Inst at 7.25am

[Signature]



The Unknown Warrior

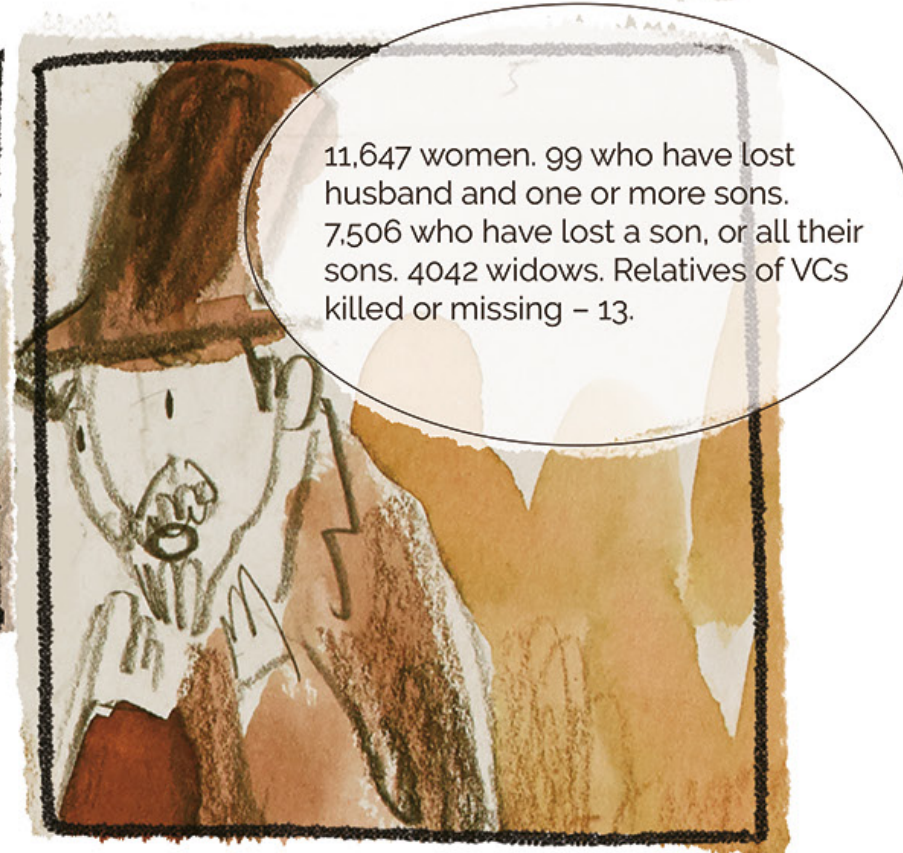
Text by
Carol Adlam

Illustrations by
Chang-Yi Yun

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The War Office, 20 November 1920





The Cenotaph, 12 November 1920.



TRAVELS

MEMORIES

REALISTIC

Westminster Abbey


KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN



Copyright

CENOTAPH

OPEN



At the eleventh hour

On the eleventh day

Of the eleventh month

We shall remember them.

/END

*Notes on
the Stories*

The Artist

This story introduces the theme of art and war, and raises questions of class and military rank. It also touches on the question of who has permission to record historical events, since only commissioned officers were allowed to draw at the front in case sketches giving away tactical information fell into the wrong hands.

‘The Artist’ centres on the story of Major Sir William Orpen (1878-1931), who was one of the most prominent visual artists to serve in the Artists’ Rifles (many other artists, writers and poets also served in the Artists’ Rifles, including John and Paul Nash, Muirhead Bone, Charles Hamilton Sorley, Philip Edward Thomas, and Wilfred Owen). Orpen was given the title of Official War Artist by General Haig, and in 1917 he travelled to the Somme.

The items he finds in the story here are based on those listed as in the possession of Edward Thomas (an author and poet, also in the Artists’ Rifles).

The lines of poetry Orpen utters then, and later on, are from his poem ‘A Memory of the Somme’, and his description of the battlefield is taken from his war diary, *An Onlooker in France*.

An exhibition of Orpen’s war paintings in 1918 in London was a huge success, and Orpen was then commissioned by the Imperial War Museum to create three paintings on the Peace Treaty, one of which was the painting referenced in the story (To the Unknown British Soldier in France). This painting was altered by Orpen before its unveiling in 1923, as described, although he later he painted out the soldiers, leaving only the coffin.

While Orpen was the best known of war artists, there were many more, unacknowledged artists, working with great skill and courage as mapmakers, engineers, and surveyors. This aspect of the story of art at the front is covered in the story ‘The Mapmaker’.

Sources

MacDonald, Juliet. ‘Drawing on the Front Line’, in Peter Liddell, ed., *Britain and the Widening War 1915-1916: From Gallipoli to the Somme*. Pen & Sword Military. 2016: 304-16.

Orpen, William. *An Onlooker in France, 1917-1919*, at <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/20215> [accessed July 2018].

Orpen, William. ‘A Memory of the Somme’, at <https://www.royal-irish.com/stories/a-memory-of-the-somme> [accessed July 2018].

The National Archives: TNA WO 339/57475 (Orpen’s Service records); T161/212/5 (Records of the purchase of Orpen’s paintings by the Imperial War Museum); TNA WO-9503119-2 (War Diary of the Artists’ Rifles); for other poets and artists in the Artists’ Rifles see TNA WO 339/77762 (Geoffrey Studdart-Kennedy), TNA WO 339/11501 (Charles Hamilton Sorley), and TNA WO 339/73576 (Philip Edward Thomas).

The Cavalryman

This story addresses the contribution made to the war by the British Indian Army, drawing on records held by The National Archives of the transportation of the 20th Deccan Horse Regiment from India to the Western Front, as part of the Secunderabad Cavalry Brigade. The story draws on the records of the entrainment and shipping of the regiment, on the veterinary report, and on the war diary of the regiment, imagining some of the experiences of Risalder Konsal Singh.

Singh was an officer who is listed in the documents as having been injured in battle. While it is not known what happened to Konsal Singh, many wounded Indian officers were sent to Brighton for treatment, where the Pavilion had been set up as a hospital for Indian soldiers.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA WO 372/11/208926 (Konsal Singh’s medal card); TNA WO/95/1187 (War Diaries of the 20th Deccan Horse and Secunderabad Cavalry Brigade).

Brighton Museums, at www.brightonmuseums.org.uk [accessed July 2018].

The Pigeoneer

Doughty Street, London, was the home of the General Headquarters of the Pigeon Office, employing 600 people in the training and organization of the pigeon carrier service. According to A.H. Osman (below), some 22,000 pigeons were in service by the end of the war, with a vast network of both mobile and stationery lofts throughout France and Italy, and along Britain's eastern coastline.

In the Battle of the Somme some 5,000 pigeons were in use, with fewer than 2% casualties. 'The Pigeoneer' is an imagined account of the journey of one pigeon as it leaves HQ and travels to the Front, and eventually makes its way back home.

Today, there is no record of the Pigeon Office in Doughty Street, which is better known for being the location of a legal chambers that employs the wife of a Hollywood film star. Pigeons, of course, are now routinely considered a nuisance requiring pest control measures.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA WO-95-123-10 (Booklet for troops, On the Organisation of the Carrier Pigeon Service in France); TNA WO-95-123-4 (War diaries of the O.C. Carrier Pigeon Service).

Osman, A.H. *Pigeons in the Great War: A Complete History of the Carrier-Pigeon Service During the Great War, 1914-1918*. London: The 'Racing Pigeon' Publishing Co., Ltd., 1929.

The Mapmaker

This story was inspired by the story of Rifleman Barnett (Barney) Griew, who served as a mapmaker and scout in the run-up to an attack on Gommecourt Wood on 1 July 1916, and who tragically died during the attack. Both the figure of the mapmaker and the German he encounters are imaginary creations, but the spirit of the encounter – in which a mutual recognition of a shared humanity takes place – is reflected in the historical record of the war in general, in which there are accounts of the suspension of hostilities – sometimes to collect the wounded, or to exchange gifts, play football, or even sing songs together.

'The Mapmaker' is also a tribute to the artistry and skill of those who created the extremely detailed maps of the terrain that were such an important part of the campaign.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA WO-3167-38 (Panorama of Gommecourt Wood); WO 95/2686 (Poem about Gommecourt Wood); TNA WO 372/8/148642 (Medal card of Barnett Griew); TNA WO 95/2957; TNA WO 95/2931; TNA WO 153/167 (War diaries of Gommecourt Wood attack).

Kogan, Sarah. Changing the Landscape exhibition. See <http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/about/news/contemporary-art-exhibition-changing-the-landscape-opens-at-the-national-archives/> [accessed July 2018].

MacDonald, Juliet. 'Drawing on the Front Line', in Peter Liddell, ed., *Britain and the Widening War 1915-1916: From Gallipoli to the Somme*. Pen & Sword Military. 2016: 304-16.

The Piper

‘The Piper’ tells the story of Piper James Cleland Richardson (1895-1916). Poole was born in Scotland and was resident in Canada, and joined the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. He received the Victoria Cross for his courage in battle at Regina Trench, the Somme, when he played his pipes while walking up and down alongside the entangled razor wire that was blocking his fellow troopers’ way. Thus encouraged by him, they rushed over the top and gained possession of the trench. Richardson was unharmed, but later disappeared when he returned to collect his pipes, which he had left behind while assisting a wounded comrade.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA WO 98/8/587 (Victoria Cross details).

Canadian-Scottish Regiment Collection at University of Victoria. Special Collections <http://www.canadianscottishregiment.ca> [accessed July 2018].

Thanks also to Andrew Ashmore for sight of his script on Richardson.

The Captain

This story began from a single photo from The National Archives: an image of two women next to their houses in Edwin Place, Hull, with the aftermath of the bombing raid by the L9 Zeppelin all around them. Zeppelins (also known as rigid inflatables, dirigibles, and blimps) were a terrifying weapon that meant that war was no longer confined to a far-off battlefield, but had no boundaries, and was now ‘total war’ – that is, inflicted upon civilians as well as soldiers.

On 6 June 1915 Hull was attacked by two dirigibles, one of which (the L9) was piloted by Kapitanleutnant Heinrich Mathy. 19 people were killed, 40 injured, and many local shops and landmarks were destroyed or damaged.

Mathy acquired celebrity status in Germany as a result of his raids on London, Hull, and elsewhere. The comments he makes in ‘The Captain’ come from accounts of interviews with him in which he appeared to express regret at targeting civilians, and to anticipate his own death. He died on October 1916 when the L31 Zeppelin he was piloting was shot down near Potters Bar.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA RAIL 227/503 (Map of Zeppelin Raids); TNA AIR 1/569/16/15/142/A (Report by Major General Ferrier, Commander of the Humber Defences 1915); TNA AIR 1/569/16/15/142/B (Report by Major Robert Hall, Fire Commander, Humber Defences, 1916); TNA AIR 1/569/16/15/142 (Photograph of damage to Edwin Place, Porter Street, Hull).

BBC ‘live’ recasting of the Hull Raid, at www.bbc.co.uk/news/live/uk-england-humber-32920960 [accessed July 2018].

Crowe, Ken. *Zeppelins over Southend*. Southend-on-Sea Museums Service, 2008.

Powis, Mick. *Zeppelins over the Midlands*. Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen & Sword Aviation, 2016.

The Doctor

This story touches on the many medical innovations and advances that took place during and after the war, referencing facial surgery, advances in the administration of anaesthetics, and improvements in understanding what was then known as neurasthenia and later became better known as shellshock. This broader story of a new generation of attitudes and medical advances (in the form of Frank Morley, a fictional character) is offset by the case of Lily Moody, a munitions worker (or ‘canary woman’) who was poisoned by her exposure to TNT.

Moody unsuccessfully applied for compensation for the terrible effects she suffered, which included facial deformity and the loss of her unborn child. The government official who rejected Moody’s application was the eminent physician Sir Seymour Sharkey (1847-1929). Moody wrote of him that ‘his manner was offensive and his examination brief and perfunctory [...] he clutched my swollen body with great violence and afterwards I had to take to my bed again’.

Moody also raises the question of the wider treatment of women in the war, writing that ‘in the cold light of day a reckoning will be demanded: how did you treat our women?’

The Officer

This story is based on the court martial of Eric Skeffington Poole (b. Nova Scotia, Canada, 20 January 1885-d. 10 December 1916). Poole became the first British officer to be shot for desertion.

The case was not made public at the time, as the War Office wanted to avoid adverse publicity. Poole’s trial documents, held at The National Archives, show that many witnesses were united in their belief that he was lacking in mental capacity, and that his situation was aggravated by shell shock.

Despite these accounts, and recommendations that he be given a lesser penalty, the Medical Commission ruled that he was of sound mind at the time of desertion, and that the penalty was to be death by shooting.

Poole was one of 306 British soldiers who had been shot at dawn for cowardice or desertion, and who were pardoned by the Ministry of Defence in 2006.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA ADM 318/5 (Maud Massey Cottrell); ADM 318/18 (Hilda Nora Bell); T/12200/36707; MUN 164/1124 (documents relating to Lily Moody).

See also <http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/first-world-war/home-front-stories/womens-war-work/> [accessed July 2016].

Bamji, Andrew. ‘Facial Surgery Rehabilitation and the Impact of Medical Specialisation’, in Peter Liddell, ed., *Britain and the Widening War 1915-1916: From Gallipoli to the Somme*. Pen & Sword Military. 2016: 199-212.

Marr, H.C., *Psychoses of the War, including Neurasthenia and Shell Shock*. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1919.

Sources

The National Archives: TNA WO 71/1027 (General Courts Martial documentation); TNA WO 95/2184 (11th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment war diaries).

Further information is available here: <http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/pathways/firstworldwar/people/poole.htm> [accessed July 2018].

The Unknown Warrior

The Tomb of the Unknown Warrior contains the remains of a unidentified British soldier who fell on the Somme. Between 7 and 8 November 1920 his remains were transported through France with great ceremony, and on 9 November, they arrived at Dover port. The coffin was then transferred to the same train that had carried Edith Cavell's remains a year earlier. On 10 November the coffin arrived at Victoria Station, and was kept there overnight.

On the morning of 11 November the coffin was transported through London on a gun carriage, past extremely large crowds, to be interred at Westminster Abbey. The procession went past the Cenotaph, which was unveiled by King George V.

In the documents held by The National Archives, civil servants Mr Macintyre and Mr Lovell are praised for their work with the many thousands who applied for tickets to the ceremony: they 'exhibited the utmost patience and consideration in dealing with the numerous callers for tickets: in all cases bereaved parents or widows labouring under deep emotion.'

Sources

The National Archives: TNA WORK 20/1/3 (Cenotaph, Whitehall: general arrangements in respect of the unveiling ceremony and burial of the unknown warrior in Westminster Abbey, 11th November, 1920); TNA WORK 20/139 (plan for erection of permanent cenotaph).